

THE ARENA

VOLUME XXVII.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1902

PUBLIC LIBRARY,
DETROIT, MICH.
SEP 5 1902

NEW YORK
THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY
569 FIFTH AVENUE

COPYRIGHT, 1902

BY

THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Mooney & Otten Printing Co., 114-120 West 30th St., N. Y.

TN

V. 27

Jan-June 1902

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
American Supremacy.....	A. B. Deahofe 286
Anarchism.....	Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D. 1
Ancient Working People, The.....	William Bailie 630
Anglo-Japanese Treaty, The.....	Edwin Maxey, LL.D. 449
Are Women to Blame?.....	Elliott Flower 635
Bit of Old Mexico, A.....	B. O. Flower 624
Books of the Day— <i>Studies and Reviews</i>	102, 213, 327, 436, 547, 662
Causes of the Philippine War.....	Hon. Samuel C. Parks, A.M. 561
Conversations:	
Education and Democracy.....	Rabbi Charles Fleischer 487
Governmental Ownership of the Telegraph and Telephone.....	Prof. Frank Parsons, B.C.E., Ph.D. 179
Lights and Shadows of the Present Social Outlook.....	Edwin Markham 412
The Plural Marriage Problem.....	C. W. Penrose 604
Why the Public Should Own and Control the Telephones.....	Prof. Frank Parsons, B.C.E., Ph.D. 297
Co-operative Commonwealth, A.....	Joel Shomaker 164
Corporations and Trusts.....	Thomas Conynghton 55
Couple of Capitalists, A: A Story.....	Eleanor H. Porter 188
Cuba vs. The United States:	
I. The Question of Reciprocity.....	F. B. Thurber 234
II. A Plea for Justice.....	L. V. de Abad 238
Development of Brotherhood, The.....	Prof. Eugenia Parham 58
Echo of the Inquisition, An.....	Rev. Robert E. Bisbee 592
Economic View of Fashion, An.....	Julia Cruikshank 387
Education in the Philippines.....	Antonio Regidor Jurado, LL.D. 337
Edwin Markham: A Prophet-Poet of the Fraternal State.....	B. O. Flower 391
English Friendly Societies, The.....	Eltweed Pomeroy, A.M. 13
Eternal Feminine, The:	
I. The New Woman.....	Hon. Boyd Winchester 367
II. The Future of the Woman's Club.....	Winnifred Harper Cooley 373
Experiments in Colonial Government.....	Felix L. Oswald, M.D. 225
French vs. English.....	Eltweed Pomeroy, A.M. 126
Glory and the Sacrifice, The: A Story.....	Eleanor H. Porter 640
He Found Life: A Story.....	Luella R. Kraybill 525
Ibsen's "Peer Gynt".....	Walter Leighton 64
Iconoclast as a Builder, The.....	Shaler G. Hillyer 513

Japanese Buddhism:

I. Its Philosophic and Doctrinal Teachings.	<i>Keijiro Nakamura</i>	468
II. Buddhism as I Have Seen It.	<i>Rev. Clarence Edgar Rice</i>	479
Labor's Rights and Wrongs.	<i>William S. Waudby</i>	267
Late Cecil Rhodes, The:		
I. His Aims and Ideals.	<i>Reginald de Quinton</i>	573
II. A Modern Cortez.	<i>Felix L. Oswald, M.D.</i>	580
Literature and Democracy.	<i>Joseph Dana Miller</i>	282
Marriage and Dress.	<i>Henry Waldorf Francis</i>	292
Maurice Maeterlinck and the Bees.	<i>Axel Emil Gibson</i>	381
Municipal Reform	<i>John Dolman</i>	174
Music and Crime	<i>Henry W. Stratton</i>	137
National Co-operative Conference, A.	<i>Rev. Hiram Vrooman</i>	611
New Race Question in the South, The.	<i>Samuel A. Hamilton</i>	352
Notes and Announcements.		
	<i>John Emery McLean</i>	111, 222, 335, 447, 559, 671
Ostrich in the New World, The.	<i>B. O. Flower</i>	277
Out of His Element: A Story.	<i>Evelyn Harvey Roberts</i>	415
Physical Basis of History, The.	<i>Charles Rollin Keyes, Ph.D.</i>	585
Place of Education in Reform, The.	<i>Dr. Ernest Carroll Moore</i>	499
Political, Economic, and Religious Causes of Anarchism.		
	<i>Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D.</i>	113
Popular Election of United States Senators.		
	<i>Charles J. Fox, Ph.D.</i>	455
Problem of Immigration, The:		
I. The Argument for Suspension.	<i>John Chetwood</i>	254
II. Chinese Exclusion	<i>Rev. Robert C. Bryant</i>	260
Race Reversion in America.	<i>Wardon Allan Curtis</i>	47
Responsibility in Municipal Government.	<i>T. St. Pierre</i>	39
Rise of Photography and its Service to Mankind, The.		
	<i>B. O. Flower</i>	28
Russian Remedy, The.	<i>James H. Ecob, D.D.</i>	615
San Francisco's Union Labor Mayor.	<i>Leigh H. Irvine</i>	150
Spiritual Birth of the American Nation.	<i>Theodore F. Seward</i>	22
Survival of the Fittest in the Coming Age.	<i>Rev. F. D. Bentley</i>	246
Topics of the Times (Editorial).		
	<i>B. O. Flower</i>	87, 199, 315, 426, 533, 647
Unity of Christianity and Judaism, The.	<i>Theodore F. Seward</i>	359
University and the Public, The.	<i>Austin Lewis</i>	157
Unreal Reality, An: A Tale of the Desert.	<i>Laura M. Dake</i>	303
What Shall It Profit?—A New Year's Story.	<i>Mortimer P. Stuart</i>	76
Wives, Widows, and Wills.	<i>Miss M. E. Carter</i>	518
Work of Wives, The.	<i>Flora McDonald Thompson</i>	68

25 CENTS

The Arena

THE WORLD'S LEADING REVIEW

Features of
This Number

ANARCHISM

By the
Rev. R. HEBER NEWTON

THE ENGLISH FRIENDLY SOCIETIES

By
ELTWEED POMEROY, A.M.

RACE REVERSION IN AMERICA

By W. A. CURTIS

THE WORK OF WIVES

By
FLORA M. THOMPSON

JANUARY, 1902

ANARCHISM	REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.
THE ENGLISH FRIENDLY SOCIETIES	ELTWEED POMEROY, A.M.
SPIRITUAL BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN NATION. THEODORE F. SWEET	
THE RISE OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND ITS SERVICE TO MANKIND	B. O. FLOW
RESPONSIBILITY IN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT	T. ST. PIER
RACE REVERSION IN AMERICA	WARDON ALLAN CURTIS
CORPORATIONS AND TRUSTS	THOMAS CONINGTON
THE DEVELOPMENT OF BROTHERHOOD	PROF. EUGENIA PARKER Of West Kentucky College
HUSEN'S "PEER GYNT"	WALTER LEITCH Of Harvard University
THE WORK OF WIVES	FLORA McDONALD THOMPSON
WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?—A New Year's Story	M. P. SWEET
TOPICS OF THE TIMES—(Editorial).	B. O. FLOW
A Problem for True Statesmanship—The Automobile as the Servant of Civilization—Is the Building World Entering a Glass Age?—Cretaceous the Product of a Materialistic, Good-crased World.	
BOOKS OF THE DAY	Studies and Reviews
Toward Democracy—Electricity and the Electrification—J. M. Perkins, M.A., A.M.: A Biography—Collectivism and Industrial Revolution—Government: An Inquiry—Amos—Poems by Edward Emerson.—Books Received.	
NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS	J. E.

Vol. XXVII. No. 1. * * * * * Per Annum, \$2.
569 FIFTH AVE. THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING CO. NEW YORK
LONDON: Gay & Bird, 25 Bedford St., Strand. } Foreign Subscriptions, Twelve Shillings
MELBOURNE: G. G. Terri & Co., Salisbury Bldg. }

CALIFORNIA

Unrivalled Scenery.

Variable Route Tickets going and returning.

Personally Conducted Excursions every Tuesday and Thursday.


All Meals in Dining Cars. Double Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars; Buffet-Smoking and Library Cars (with barber). The Best of Everything via

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN, UNION PACIFIC AND SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

The Overland Limited leaves Chicago 8.00 p. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 5.15 p. m. the third day. The Pacific Express leaves Chicago 10.00 a. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 4.15 p. m. the third day. The California Express leaves Chicago 11.30 p. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 8.25 a. m. the fourth day.

ALL AGENTS SELL TICKETS VIA THIS ROUTE.

3 TRAINS DAILY



THE
WINTER RESORTS
OF
TEXAS, MEXICO & CALIFORNIA
BEST REACHED VIA THE
IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL OR ADDRESS
COMPANYS AGENTS OR THE GENL PASSR AGENT

C. G. WARNER,
SECOND VICE-PRESY.

H. C. TOWNSEND,
GENL. PASSR AND TRK. AST.,
—ST. LOUIS, MO.—

RUSSELL HARDING,
THIRD V.-P. AND G. M.

*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."*

—HEINE.

THE ARENA

VOL. XXVII.

JANUARY, 1902.

No. 1.

ANARCHISM.

THE appalling crime of September last brings the nation face to face with the problem of anarchy. It is a problem that demands careful thought before the vigorous action for which the public and the press naturally clamor. Let us have sane and clear thinking if we are to attempt drastic legislation.

There are abundant indications on every hand of a sad lack of clear thinking on this subject. The supposed educators of the people need a little education themselves.

I.

We must distinguish first of all where all distinctions are too commonly confounded. On the day which announced the President's death, one of our leading journals declared—"Scratch a Socialist and you will find an Anarchist." This is as though it had said—Scratch a Democrat and you will find a Republican, or, Scratch a Catholic and you will find a Protestant. Democrats and Republicans are alike striving for the good of the nation, but by diametrically opposite methods; Catholics and Protestants are each seeking the Kingdom of God, but they are moving, intellectually, in opposite directions to seek it.

The same confusion is noticeable elsewhere. Archbishop Corrigan, in his letter to the clergy, lumped together socialism and anarchism; whereupon a brave priest of Kentucky challenges His Grace to a public debate on the subject. Cardinal Gibbons appears to have done the same thing, in his sermon

in the Baltimore cathedral. Both dignitaries quote from Pope Leo, who, if the reports of his late pronouncement are correct, has not merely confounded socialism with anarchism, but mixed them inextricably with Freemasonry and Judaism! What an astounding confusion for a vicegerent of God! The "spirit of a sound mind" seems woefully lacking in this ecclesiastical utterance. The faithful may well rejoice that it is not given *ex cathedra*, imposing thereby the obligations of infallibility.

Socialism and anarchism profess indeed the same aim—the regeneration of human society. They are alike in seeking to bring to an end our competitive system of industry, the militarism which curses our modern civilization, and all forms of despotism in government. They unite in endeavoring to bring in an era when all natural sources of wealth shall be owned collectively, and all productive plants shall be also held collectively. But, one seeks this by the way of evolution—the other, in its best known form, by the way of revolution. One is a natural development of our present system—the other would break with the existing order and make a fresh start in civilization. The one would multiply the functions of government—the other would minimize the functions of government. One believes in law—the other believes in no law. The one looks to the State, the city, and the nation for collective ownership of the sources of natural wealth and the means of production and exchange—the other looks to freely formed groups of working people becoming the owners of all natural monopolies and of all means of production and exchange. The ideal society of socialism is a vast organism in which "all are but parts of one stupendous whole," vitally interactive, coördinated into a noble State. Its type is the human body. The ideal of anarchism is a mass of individual cells nucleating together in temporary forms, free to break up at any moment and recombine in other forms. Its type is the jelly-fish, or the sponge.

No one but a fool should lump together socialism and anarchism. Socialism cut itself loose from anarchism, formally,

many years ago, when the International Workingmen's Association disowned the anarchists. This great international organization sloughed off anarchism from its body.

II.

We need to distinguish again in anarchism itself. The foremost statesman of the Democratic party in New York State is reported to have contemptuously declared that "no fine-spun distinctions are to be drawn between philosophic anarchism and revolutionary anarchism." This is as though we were to refuse any fine-spun distinctions between the learned Russian savant, Prince Kropotkin, and the Nihilist who threw the bomb that killed Alexander II. It is as though we were to refuse to draw any fine-spun distinctions between the brilliant French geographer, Elise Reclus, and the Parisian petroleuse who fired the Hotel de Ville in the uprising of the Commune in 1871. It is as though we were to refuse to distinguish between Thomas Jefferson and John Most; between the Hebrew prophet Jeremiah and Emma Goldman. For no less antithetical contrasts than these exist in anarchism. All alike are anarchists; but what various sorts of anarchists!

Proudhon, the earliest modern philosophic anarchist, defined Communism as the government of all by all, democracy as the government of all by each, and anarchy as the government of each by each. He concluded that anarchy is the only real form of self-government. Under anarchy people would manage their public affairs together, like partners in a business firm, and no one would be subject to the authority of another. Rulers, legislators, and judges would disappear. In the business world society would resolve itself into industrial groups, each of which would manage its affairs coöperatively.

Prince Kropotkin, an encyclopedic man of science, of simple and noble character, of ardent patriotism and devoted humanitarianism, who renounced his aristocratic heritage and a brilliant court life in Russia to give himself to the service of the people, believes in anarchy as the ideal of human society, and would seek to educate men toward it. So is it with Elise

Reclus. Thomas Jefferson enunciated an ideal of political society which is nothing less than anarchy, when he indicated the goal of all government and law as a social order in which no government should be needed and no laws would be written on the statute-book, because every citizen would be a self-governing unit and the moral law would be enshrined in his heart. Jeremiah indicated the characteristic of the Kingdom of God as found in the fact that in the day of Jehovah a new covenant would be made, and the God of Israel would no longer write His law upon stone tablets, as an external authority to be set up in a theocracy,—a visible government,—but would write His laws in men's hearts and make them the natural, spontaneous, self-operating forces of character and conduct.

Perhaps the most striking religious leader at the present time is that remarkable Russian, Tolstoi. Tolstoi is an individual anarchist. He does not believe in government and law, not because he would have chaos, but because he would have men themselves govern themselves—establish laws for themselves out of themselves. He believes that when external authority is removed freedom will bring out the internal, spiritual, ethical authority of the individual, and all will be well. As a something feasible to-day this may be wholly elusive; it may be lunar ethics, but it is the ideal toward which Tolstoi works.

What is meant by philosophic anarchism, so called,—which should be called "autarchy," as Dr. Persifor Frazer observes,—is in reality the ideal of political and social science. It is also the ideal of religion. It is the ideal to which Jesus Christ himself looked forward. He founded no church, established no State, gave practically no laws, organized no government, set up no external authority. But he *did* seek to write the laws of God in men's hearts—to make men thus self-legislating.

All forms of philosophic anarchism are idealistic. They are what our Catholic friends call "councils of perfection." They look on to a future day when men will be better than they now are.

One of the godliest men whom I know to-day, and one of the strongest-brained men too, is a thorough-going religious anarchist; but he is magnificently self-governed, and his life is under the reign of law.

In our own city, for many years unnoticed by our busy world of society, there has been a man devoted to the ideal of anarchism and writing concerning it regularly. But he is as honestly a member of the community as any of us, and as thoroughly free from any dynamic influence.

Philosophic anarchism is nothing new. It is as old as Plato, for example—who, in outlining the ideal Republic and making many laws for its government, distinctly recognized the fact that for men “divinely gifted” there would be no need of laws at all. Yet philosophic anarchism is new as a social and political creed. It is new as a cult laying hold of hosts of men and inspiring them with a strange enthusiasm.

It is to be noted also that anarchism, still viewed philosophically, has gained headway in lands where State socialism has failed to appeal to the people. Germany, with its immense bureaucratic development and its tendency to centralization, its huge State modeled on the army, has been the field for State socialism. Russia, which, beneath the autocratic despotism of the court, has always had a wonderful democratic subsoil—the land being largely held collectively by the peasants, and the regulation of it being adjusted in purely democratic associations of the people—Russia has been the home of anarchism. It is there a reaction against the despotism of government, the bureaucracy of the State and the militarism of the empire, and a return to the free self-governing authority of the *mir*.

Philosophic anarchism in modern time dates back to the Frenchman, Proudhon, and was largely a reaction from the despotism of the ancient régime. He formulated it as an “ism,” in very violent and extreme statements. It was left for the Russian Bakunin to organize it and establish a propaganda of it.

Philosophic anarchism looks on to the future. It makes

no appeal to force. It relies upon the education of mankind. It does indeed expect great crises in the evolution of society, out of which may issue new and fresh social beginnings. It looks for great floods laying waste the present order, and giving opportunities for recreating that order when those floods have subsided. As it was when the barbarians broke in upon the Roman Empire and overflowed every dike of institution and law and custom, leaving a social chaos out of which a new order slowly rose, so the anarchist expects it to be again in the modern world—only that the flood of anarchism will come not from without but from within; the barbarian invasion which Macaulay prophesied, from the lower ranks of society.

III.

All this philosophic anarchism is doubtless innocent enough as theory, but, alas! ideas have a way of turning into actions. Thoughts will work most illogically in illogical minds, and become deeds that puzzle and shame their mental parents. Philosophers understand that ideals do not come down out of heaven upon earth to-day or to-morrow. Unfortunately, most people lack time-perspective. Is anarchism the social ideal? "Then," say the sufferers of society, "let us have it now!" Plain folk turn an anarchistic creed into an anarchistic program, an ideal into a platform, and try to realize it at once.

So the indispensable preparation for ideal anarchism through law and government is lost sight of, and men rush for the millennium.

The translation of ideal theories into practise is always dangerous, as witness the French Revolution. An amiable body of philosophic and humanitarian doctrinaires found themselves aghast at the conclusions drawn from their beautiful theories. Terrorism follows anarchism, as it may follow any idealistic philosophy in its application to social realities. Anarchism, practically interpreted by ignorant and unbalanced men, under the oppressive laws of tyrannical governments, in a society which stands in the way of a true social order, turns into the cry—"Away with laws! Down with governments!"

Such ignorant and unbalanced men, unfit to translate philosophic anarchism into political and social practise, abound in our modern society.

The most appalling fact of life is the multiplication of the unfit. Paupers, tramps, vagabonds, the diseased, the insane, criminals—these become the parents of the future generations. So there is spawned on the world a host of degenerates, who form the raw material for every evil and for every crime. Their feeble minds unbalanced by moral forces, their ungoverned passions fired by vehement denunciations, their unenlightened consciences warped by the suffering and misery of earth, make them the potential assassins of those upon whom they father the cruel wrongs of men.

The crank is a modern production, like the tramp. He turns readily into a murderer. A distinguished alienist is reported to have said that thousands of people walk the streets of our cities who ought to be locked up in insane asylums. A few years ago there was a mania among these degenerates to murder parsons in our city, as many will remember, and as I for one have good reason not to forget. Look at the face of the poor wretch who has murdered our President, and you see the mental stuff out of which assassins are made under the teachings of revolutionary anarchism. Through such men, semi-insane ideas work out an insane propaganda of deed.

Moreover, anarchism is a revolt from an oppressive and unjust social order—an order which genders poverty, disease, vice and crime, and the myriad miseries of man. This fires and maddens the hearts of cranks, and turns dreamy, weak-witted youths into assassins, who say after their crime—"I have done my duty." Thus fools are turned loose upon society to become themselves "the fools of ideas."

IV.

There is on the other hand a revolutionary anarchism—the bastard child of philosophic anarchism. This distinctively looks not so much to the far future as to the immediate future; not so much to the good time coming as to the day after

to-morrow. It does not only expect great crises—it works to bring them about. It does not hope for a slow and gradual evolution—it aims to precipitate a revolution at once. It does not work by the slow education of the public mind, but by the firing of passion to immediate and present action. It appeals distinctively to force. It would establish a social and political terrorism as a means of scaring society and the State into the concession of its demands. It frankly avows its purpose to be the rendering of all government impossible, in order that the era of no government may come. It would paralyze all law in order that there may be a reign of lawlessness out of which a new law—the law of the individual—may arise. Its reliance is not on ideas, but on bombs. It would use not the ballot, but the bullet. Its energy is explosive. It is the gospel of dynamite.

Philosophic anarchism in Europe tends quickly to degenerate into revolutionary anarchism, and for natural reasons. Philosophic anarchism is repressed in a country like Russia. Russian political despotism allows no right of free speech or free meeting or free writing; therefore, anarchism there soon turns to force. We need not wonder at this. Prince Kropotkin, in his interesting "Autobiography of a Revolutionist," tells the story of the gradual development of terrorism under Alexander II. The Czar who began as a liberator, emancipating the serfs, fell into the hands of the reactionists and went from bad to worse politically. Finally, the one thing that appealed to him was the fear of his life. When a new plot was discovered, he planned a new concession to the people. When the plot was foiled, he withdrew his concession. Thus it was that at last he suffered from his own misdoings, his own tyranny and despotism, by the loss of his life. We need not wonder at this. We can scarcely blame the man who, finding no other means of appealing to an irresponsible ruler, finally killed him as a warning to his successor.

But, in a country like our own, where there is every right of free speech and free assemblage, there is not the slightest justification for terrorism. It is an outrage against society,

a crime against humanity, a barrier to future progress. It inevitably provokes reaction. As is now seen among us, it plays into the hands of the very men who oppose the inevitable social evolution. Therefore, philosophic anarchists like Kropotkin frankly call the assassination of our President "murder," and even a woman like Emma Goldman calls the assassin a "fool."

V.

What, then, are the remedies for this "disease of anarchism"?

We must not attempt, as the Mother of States has lately been tempted to do, in panic, to go back upon the principle of freedom of speech. Whatever the dangers of this freedom, the dangers of its suppression are vastly greater. History has concluded this point.

Nor may we draw in more closely the existing limits of freedom of speech. Philosophic anarchism, of course, is well within the rights of free speech. Nor is even revolutionary anarchism outside these limits until it ceases to appeal to reason and incites to violence. All teaching of anarchism which appeals to force must come under the ban of law, as of public opinion. There must be all possible freedom for ideas *as* ideas, but no freedom for the ideas which directly appeal to the passions and incite to crime. If the man who fires a building is a criminal, the man who fires him to burn it is at least equally criminal. If the man who murders our President is a criminal, the man or woman who prompts him to this murder is no less criminal. Inciters to murder are moral murderers, and such they must become legally. They are *particeps criminis*—"accessories before the fact." After the Haymarket murders in Chicago, nine accessories of the murder were hanged. All writings that appeal to force for the spread of anarchistic theories must be suppressed. Self-preservation is the first law of States, as of individuals. A free people can safely take this stand.

We must in this country, therefore, act promptly and energetically to safeguard ourselves against the importation of this alien "ism"—revolutionary anarchism. We can allow it

no standing-room on the soil where every possible political privilege and right is granted to every male citizen, where we have all means of law-abiding development, and where it rests with our citizens peacefully to correct every political wrong. We must deal sternly with this folly. Despite the fact that the assassin of our President was born upon our soil, he was to all intents and purposes alien; he was of alien birth and alien stock; his whole mind was alien. No sane man imbued with the American idea could ever have been guilty of the audacious folly, the insanity of egotism, indicated in his words—"I don't believe in your institutions, and therefore I shot your President."

We must restrict undesirable immigration as far as possible. We do this now concerning paupers and criminals; we must do it also concerning the worst criminals for a democracy—those who refuse to abide by the will of the majority, who disown the sanctity of law, who refuse the authority of government, whose one idea of reform is to explode a dynamite bomb or to creep up to the noble ruler of a free people with a revolver in a muffled hand. In some way we must insist upon it that our country shall not be the dumping-ground of European paupers and criminals, the asylum of the outlawed of every land, the resort of those who frankly avow the purpose of overturning law and government by force.

We must minimize the production of the human raw material of such crimes. This is largely a matter of education. Our children must be educated in reverence for law, to a sense of the sanctity of citizenship. A public opinion must be created that will condemn unhesitatingly all forms of irreverence and lawlessness. Partizanship has run wild in the lawlessness of political discussion. Legitimate criticism and caricature is one thing—the criminal recklessness of criticism and caricature of our "yellow journalism" and of our "anti-imperialism" is altogether another thing. Strange irony this, which lumps together the Boston Brahman and the New York *Daily Sewer*!

When Charles Kingsley was here he thought he saw the

greatest danger ahead of us in our unbalanced abuse of our rulers.

We must systematically educate our foreign-born citizens and our public-school children into a recognition of the splendid political privileges given in our Republic, and teach them to see that in their hands are the means of correcting all social evils peacefully. I remember hearing of the surprise, the incredulity, and then the enthusiasm of a roomful of Russian Jews, to whom a friend of mine was expounding the Constitution of the United States, as he read to them the language of the opening of that immortal document, "We, the people of the United States." "Does that," they asked, "really mean that the Constitution is made by us—the people?"

We must educate our plain people to understand the philosophy of history, wherein an unhampered self-government is the ideal of every society—an ideal, however, to be reached alone through the training of men by government, under law.

There are forms of anarchism among us that rest on no philosophic theories, but simply on the brutal passions and the selfish greed of man. We have had in this country 3,000 lynchings in twenty years—one every other day. These have taken place in every State of the Union save seven. They have included among their victims many women and children. They have been provoked, not by one crime alone, but by a large number of crimes. They have been attended with horrors beyond belief.

Labor strikes have tended to end, as in Homesburg, in the revolver and the bomb.

Manufacturers have not hesitated to dispense with the arm of the law and to hire the *condottiere* of our modern civilization, the Pinkerton police.

Railroads have ignored laws for the protection of life among their employees.

Corporate wealth has high-handedly bade defiance to law, crushed recklessly all competition by thoroughly anarchistic methods, and not stopped short of corrupting legislatures.

Out on Long Island life is daily endangered by a high-handed defiance of the laws regulating the speed of vehicles

on the part of rich men, whose automobiles terrorize horses and drivers alike.

While such practical anarchism prevails, we must not wonder at anarchistic assassinations. While lawlessness is found everywhere, and ordinary life is held so lightly, we must expect lawless disregard of exceptional lives.

The freedom of our social degenerates to stock the world with further broods of degenerates is the back-lying factor of our problem, which appals all thoughtful students of sociology. While paupers, criminals, and the insane form the parents of a considerable part of the nation, what are we to expect but such children as shock and outrage and endanger our civilization? From such material we must look for the periodic craze for murder which every now and then breaks forth among us.

A vast problem this, the solution of which is not yet in sight, but the study of which is forced afresh upon us by this crime.

The problem of revolutionary anarchism is not a problem for our statesmen alone; it is a problem for every citizen. The ultimate cure for anarchy lies in a deeper sense of individual responsibility to law for life. We must all deepen our abhorrence of lawlessness. We must all cherish a deeper reverence of every form of law. We must learn to hold all life, even in its humblest and most insignificant forms, sacred. To end the fascinations of revolutionary anarchy for certain minds, we must not merely use counter force to suppress it: we must seek to accept and embody whatever truths there are in the philosophic anarchism which gives it birth. We must individually seek to realize the ideal of philosophic anarchism, and become ourselves, each of us, self-governing beings, enshrining the moral law, so as to need no restraint of external legislation. While doing this, we must hold the untrained lives around us under the stern majesty of law, until they, too, become self-legislating human beings, living embodiments of immanent law.

R. HEBER NEWTON.

New York.

THE ENGLISH FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

THE great things of life are almost always the quiet, unnoticed growths among the rank and file of the people. Last winter we saw the funeral of a woman, Queen Victoria, who, while she was good, could not by any stretch of the imagination be called great, but by the chance of birth she had been placed in a position of great prominence. Great things had happened during her reign, but she had not been the cause of them. Her personal goodness and common sense, and the fact that she mainly left things alone, permitted the really great developments of the Victorian era—but she did not create them.

In London we had forced on us the lack of any real democratic spirit, the almost groveling obsequiousness of the mass of the people—the workers and makers of things. At Rochdale we attended a quiet meeting on a Saturday night that was really great, although those who took part in it did not know it. Comparing it with the pageant of the Queen's funeral, that event sinks into its proper insignificance as a gorgeous theatrical spectacle to amuse the masses—as a carillon of bells, beautiful and impressive, that chimes the hour and marks the passage of time. This other meeting is like the rising of sap in the trees, which causes the blossoming of spring and the bloom and fruitage of summer. As Thoreau has said, the rising of the sap is always quiet and unnoticed, but a really great event.

In 1841, a few workingmen in the small manufacturing town of Rochdale, then with about fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, joined themselves together to form the Newbold Friendly Society. It was incorporated in 1888, under the acts passed in 1862 and 1886, and to-day, with one exception, does the largest business of any friendly society in England; and the Preston Society does business hundreds of miles from its home, while the Newbold Friendly Society will not receive any sick

benefit contributions or pay the sick benefits to any member removing more than fifty miles from Rochdale. It is purely local and intends to remain such, so that its management may always remain in the hands of the members.

Its first meeting was held in the Fox Inn, on the Milnrow Road, a mile or so from the center of Rochdale, and the meeting we attended was held at the same place, although it is not very convenient. With the exception of its former treasurer, who was the landlord of the Fox Inn, all its officers as well as its members were workingmen, and they are all now workingmen. The Society, like almost all the friendly societies in Great Britain, has been started and developed by the British workingman, without the aid of his social and financial superiors and generally without their knowledge or even suspicion of the great things he is actually doing.

To show what he is accomplishing, I copy almost the whole of the last report, which is very short, very concise, very plain and to the point, and entirely without fine writing or frills. I have put in parentheses the English money turned into ours, reckoning the pound as worth five dollars, which is a trifle in excess of its real value. I also have omitted the minor figures, so that the amounts in our money may be easily grasped in round numbers:

"The report for the year ending March 31st, 1900, along with the financial statement, is herewith submitted to you:

"The total income from all sources is £16,402 17s. 8d. (\$82,000), and the capital of the Society now stands at £52,981 7s. 5d. (\$264,000).

"The number of members at the end of the year is 25,721, being a net gain on the year of 186.

"The interest from investments amounts to the sum of £2,196 15s. 7d. (\$11,000), and from the bank £39 5s. 2d. (\$200).

"The amount paid in funeral claims is £2,360 (\$11,500), as against £1,991 10s. 0d. (\$10,000) last year, an increase of £368 10s. 0d. (\$1,800).

"The sick claims for the year amount to £13,233 15s. 7d. (\$66,000), being an increase over last year of £1,383 0s. 7d. (\$6,500).

"The amount (£73 3s.) paid to charitable institutions is money which we think is very well spent.

"The management expenses amount to £1,198 4s. 1d. (\$6,000), or a little over $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of the total receipts.

"In conclusion, we wish to appeal to every member carefully to study the figures contained in this report, and see to the rules being carried out, as they will be doing a service, not only to themselves but to the whole of the members of the Society, and at the same time doing all that is possible to carry out what is admitted to be a very good work in the town."

An insurance company that has been in existence for sixty years and has nearly 26,000 policy-holders, an income of \$82,000 and a reserve of \$264,000, and pays out \$77,000 in sick and death insurance in one year, is not to be laughed out of court. It is a *fact*. And when it is considered that that business is all done within a radius of fifty miles of Rochdale, that it is done with absolutely no advertising, that not one penny of commission is paid for bringing in new members, that though Rochdale has only 74,000 inhabitants there are nearly 26,000 in this society, that there has never been a defalcation or embezzlement, that the system of reporting and checking is so complete that there has rarely been a mistake and never a lawsuit, that in the mortgages in which their reserve is invested there have been only two unprofitable ones and those only slightly so, and above all that this has been done by cotton-spinners, engineers, shoemakers, mill-hands, etc., few of whom get over 40 shillings (or \$10) a week, and whose average wage is, according to the Board of Trade report, 25s. 3d. (or about \$6.25) a week, you have another great fact.

Further, when you consider that in the complicated and delicate subject of the fixing of rates of insurance—where surely the services of an actuarial expert, who has given his life to the study of this difficult mathematical problem, are needed—these workingmen have been successful, as the history of sixty years has proved, you discern the capacity for dealing with actual affairs inherent in the British workingman. Again, look at the ratio of expenses to income— $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The early expenses of the English Prudential Assurance Company were

benefit contributions or pay the sick benefits to any member removing more than fifty miles from Rochdale. It is purely local and intends to remain such, so that its management may always remain in the hands of the members.

Its first meeting was held in the Fox Inn, on the Milnrow Road, a mile or so from the center of Rochdale, and the meeting we attended was held at the same place, although it is not very convenient. With the exception of its former treasurer, who was the landlord of the Fox Inn, all its officers as well as its members were workingmen, and they are all now workingmen. The Society, like almost all the friendly societies in Great Britain, has been started and developed by the British workingman, without the aid of his social and financial superiors and generally without their knowledge or even suspicion of the great things he is actually doing.

To show what he is accomplishing, I copy almost the whole of the last report, which is very short, very concise, very plain and to the point, and entirely without fine writing or frills. I have put in parentheses the English money turned into ours, reckoning the pound as worth five dollars, which is a trifle in excess of its real value. I also have omitted the minor figures, so that the amounts in our money may be easily grasped in round numbers:

"The report for the year ending March 31st, 1900, along with the financial statement, is herewith submitted to you:

"The total income from all sources is £16,402 17s. 8d. (\$82,000), and the capital of the Society now stands at £52,981 7s. 5d. (\$264,000).

"The number of members at the end of the year is 25,721, being a net gain on the year of 186.

"The interest from investments amounts to the sum of £2,196 15s. 7d. (\$11,000), and from the bank £39 5s. 2d. (\$200).

"The amount paid in funeral claims is £2,360 (\$11,500), as against £1,991 10s. 0d. (\$10,000) last year, an increase of £368 10s. 0d. (\$1,800).

"The sick claims for the year amount to £13,233 15s. 7d. (\$66,000), being an increase over last year of £1,383 0s. 7d. (\$6,500).

"The amount (£73 3s.) paid to charitable institutions is money which we think is very well spent.

"The management expenses amount to £1,198 4s. 1d. (\$6,000), or a little over $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of the total receipts.

"In conclusion, we wish to appeal to every member carefully to study the figures contained in this report, and see to the rules being carried out, as they will be doing a service, not only to themselves but to the whole of the members of the Society, and at the same time doing all that is possible to carry out what is admitted to be a very good work in the town."

An insurance company that has been in existence for sixty years and has nearly 26,000 policy-holders, an income of \$82,000 and a reserve of \$264,000, and pays out \$77,000 in sick and death insurance in one year, is not to be laughed out of court. It is a *fact*. And when it is considered that that business is all done within a radius of fifty miles of Rochdale, that it is done with absolutely no advertising, that not one penny of commission is paid for bringing in new members, that though Rochdale has only 74,000 inhabitants there are nearly 26,000 in this society, that there has never been a defalcation or embezzlement, that the system of reporting and checking is so complete that there has rarely been a mistake and never a lawsuit, that in the mortgages in which their reserve is invested there have been only two unprofitable ones and those only slightly so, and above all that this has been done by cotton-spinners, engineers, shoemakers, mill-hands, etc., few of whom get over 40 shillings (or \$10) a week, and whose average wage is, according to the Board of Trade report, 25s. 3d. (or about \$6.25) a week, you have another great fact.

Further, when you consider that in the complicated and delicate subject of the fixing of rates of insurance—where surely the services of an actuarial expert, who has given his life to the study of this difficult mathematical problem, are needed—these workingmen have been successful, as the history of sixty years has proved, you discern the capacity for dealing with actual affairs inherent in the British workingman. Again, look at the ratio of expenses to income— $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The early expenses of the English Prudential Assurance Company were

78 per cent. of its income, and to-day the common ratio of expense to income in the insurance companies both of the United States and Great Britain is from 20 per cent. to 25 per cent. of their income. The careful and able secretary of this Newbold Friendly Society told me there was not an insurance company in Great Britain whose ratio of expenses to income was not at least a quarter larger than that of his society. This is also a tremendous fact.

How is this done? Quarterly meetings are held, and every member has one vote, and only one—save that guardians of infants or lunatics have one extra vote, and in the case of a tie the chairman has an extra vote. The committee of management, or executive committee, as we would call it, prepares an agendum, or order of business; but other matters may be introduced by the members. These quarterly meetings elect the officers, committee of management, and collectors, pass on the by-laws and reports of officers, and transact the business. Usually the same men are elected over and over again, and either death, sickness, or removal from the district is the only cause of change of officers. The following is the table of rates:

TABLE NO. I.—FOR MALE AND FEMALE MEMBERS.

AGE.			PAYMENTS.		SICK PAY.	FUNERAL MONEY.		
			Entrance Fee.	Fortnightly Contribu- tions.				
From date of Birth.	To months	Contri- butions or 4	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	£	s.	d.
"	3	" 6	0 2	0 2	Nil.	1	0	0
"	4	" 8	0 2	0 2	"	1	10	0
"	5	" 10	0 2	0 2	"	2	0	0
"	6	" 12	0 2	0 2	"	2	10	0
"	7	" 14	0 2	0 2	"	3	0	0
"	8	" 16	0 2	0 2	"	3	15	0
"	9	" 18	0 2	0 2	"	4	10	0
13 years	15 years		0 4	0 4	"	5	0	0
15 "	17 "		0 5	0 5	4 0	5	0	0
17 "	19 "		0 6	0 6	5 0	6	0	0
19 "	22 "		1 0	0 6	6 0	7	0	0
22 "	25 "		1 6	0 6	6 0	7	0	0
25 "	30 "		2 6	0 6	6 0	7	0	0

No female admitted above the age of 25 years.

TABLE NO. 2.—FOR MALE MEMBERS ONLY, AGE 18 TO 30 YEARS.

	Contributions.			Sick Pay.			Funeral Money.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
18 to 30	0	0	7	0	7	0	8	0	0
	0	0	8	0	8	0	9	0	0
	0	0	9	0	9	0	10	0	0

ENTRANCE FEES.—18 years to 22, 1s.; 22 years to 25, 1s. 6d.; 25 years to 30, 2s. 6d.

In comparing with American rates, multiply the pence by two and the shillings by twenty-four to get our money in cents, and multiply the pounds by five. There is a slight examination as to health of applicant, and the sick pay is given for twenty-four weeks, and after twenty-four weeks indefinitely at half the rate. It would appear from these tables that no female over 25 and no male over 30 is admitted, though of course they may stay in after once getting in. For members moving away, the following clause applies:

Any member removing more than fifty miles from the registered office of the Society shall be excluded from sick benefits, but such member may continue to pay for funeral as follows, viz.:

	£	s.	d.
Contributions. 2d. per fortnight	5	0	0
“ 2½d. “	6	0	0
“ 3d. “	7	0	0
“ 3½d. “	8	0	0
“ 4d. “	9	0	0
“ 4½d. “	10	0	0
“ 6d. “	10	0	0

Should any such member return and reside within the above limit of fifty miles he shall give notice to the Collectors and resume payment for sick allowance within three months of his return, and shall be entitled to sick pay according to rule after having paid one month's contributions; any one failing to give notice or resume payment within the above-mentioned time shall forfeit his claim to be reinstated for sick benefits.

Clauses 63 and 64 are also interesting:

“No member shall be entitled to any sick pay if such sickness or infirmity be caused or brought about by, or result from, his or her depraved, immoral, or intemperate conduct.

"Should any member of this Society become an inmate of a work-house or an asylum, he shall receive no allowance for sickness during his stay therein; but if one-half of his contributions be paid to the Society whilst remaining in such place, and he should die, then he shall be entitled to funeral allowance; and should he remove out of the aforesaid workhouse or asylum, he shall be entitled to the same privileges as though he had never entered therein."

No allowance is made for pregnancy, nor for sickness due to child-bearing.

The territory in which the society works is divided into thirty-four districts; and two collectors, who must reside in their own districts, are elected every year, and some have served twenty or thirty years. These collectors meet every fortnight and receive 7 shillings each for a fortnight's work, and if they are present at this fortnightly meeting they receive fourpence more. This latter amount was given as drink money originally, and had to be spent at the "public"; but temperance agitation forced a change, and the collectors now receive money instead of checks, and they can spend it or not as they wish. At the meeting we attended not over six of the sixty-eight present ordered drinks. In addition, collectors receive threepence per mile one way for visiting sick members, but cannot visit more than once or twice without consent of the secretary; and they are fined if they do not visit once. Also, collectors must view the corpse of a dead member, and for this they receive sixpence; and there are a few other curious provisions.

The fortnightly meeting attended by my wife and myself was picturesque and extremely interesting to a stranger. The Fox Inn is an old stone building, two or three stories high. Entering through a vestibule, you are in a small hall, with a tap-room perhaps 12 feet by 6 feet directly in front, in and out of which the landlord, landlady, and their two or three daughters were continually bustling. Three rooms for guests opened out of this hall, and at one side of the tap-room is the landlady's room, cosy and well-furnished. The guest rooms had long, comfortable settees with high backs, long benches and tables, and of course a rousing fire. The one we went

into was furnished in mahogany, with some good pictures. The ceiling was low and raftered, and the whole effect rich and comfortable.

The three main rooms on the second floor are occupied every alternate Saturday by the Friendly Society, and they pay ten shillings a night for their use. Near the head of the stairs is the treasurer's room, with its safe, which has three keys and can only be opened by three officers jointly, and once a month the uninvested cash has to be presented and counted in the presence of all the collectors and any members who wish to attend. The next room had settees all around it, and a large table in the center, with some chairs. On the settees were the thirty-four collectors, each with a little tray on his lap containing his collections in coin, carefully arranged in piles of one kind, and on top a report showing the collections made and the total. These were counted in the presence of all by the president and treasurer, checked off as correct, and received. I had a strong inclination to laugh when I saw these thirty-four men, many of them old and all dignified, sitting around like schoolboys on a bench, each with his white covered tray set carefully on his lap and waiting his turn; but these men did not see the humor of the situation, and they could not unbend till the pounds, shillings, and pence were delivered up. Each district averages about nineteen pounds every fortnight, so that in the thirty-four districts one collection turns in a little over \$3,000.

In the next room were three long tables with benches on each side, on which sat the second collector from each district; and the first joined him as soon as he had delivered his funds in the other room. Many were smoking and occasionally a drink was ordered; it was served very decorously by a young girl. But neither then nor later was there the slightest hint of drunkenness, or even tipsiness. The whole inn was a perfectly proper place for my wife to accompany me. At the head of one long table sat the secretary with his books, and back of him his safe. He first called the roll by numbers, and the men variously answered, "One only," or "Both." This

was necessary for the fourpence attendance money, which was not paid till certified by the secretary. Then he called the roll, and the collectors replied from their books the amount collected and reported at previous meeting. If it tallied with his book, all right; if not, woe to the unfortunate man! He had to explain before his comrades. One man had forgotten his book and he had to go home for it. Then came various other items of checking off and business. Once the body passed resolutions to take up a collection for a retiring collector, and then another man acted as the chairman. It was not easy for the men to speak, and their remarks were brief but always to the point. Once when the chairman stopped to talk with a neighbor just a minute, a gruff voice brought him back with: "Mr. Chairman, let's have business done." Then the secretary took up his work and finished it with precision and regularity. At the end he dealt out stationery, giving one sheet of foolscap, two or three pens, a few envelopes, and so on.

I was impressed by two things in this meeting, which lasted but a little over an hour. First, the order and precision with which the business was transacted, and the sense of justice and fair play in the way it was done. No man tried to get ahead of another in the established order, and was equally unwilling that any one else should step over the rules. Second, underneath a sometimes gruff exterior were genuine affection and kindness. These men loved their president and secretary, and I think that love was deserved. Two finer specimens of the British workingman I have never seen—kindly, fair, executive, and able. To hear the tone in which one would say, "Have you one for me, William?" or "Are you ready, Jack?" was a revelation of their feeling. First names were always used, although William and Jack were rather stately and fine specimens of manhood. Then their courtesy to us was perfect. They did all they could to make our visit pleasant and to give us information. The whole meeting was a revelation to me of the capacity latent in the British workingman if he can only be brought to apply and use it. He needs to be

waked up and to be filled with hope as to what he can do. He is like ground that has lain a long time unturned and needs to be turned over, broken up, and thoroughly aerated. He needs to have air and spirit forced into him, and then he can do wonders.

ELTWEED POMEROY.

East Orange, N. J.

SPIRITUAL BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN NATION.

IN the year 1776 the American nation was born politically. One hundred and twenty-five years later, in 1901, it is reborn spiritually. The first birth was by an act—the signing of the Declaration of Independence by a number of representative citizens. The second birth is a process—the adoption of a new ideal and standard of life.

The skeptical reader may question the right of any one to declare *ex cathedra* that the American people have to any definite extent accepted or surrendered themselves to a new ideal or standard of life. But on examination it will be seen that there are many more evidences and clearer indications of the spiritual birth of the nation to-day than there were of its political birth in 1776. The result of the act of signing the Declaration of Independence no human being could have foreseen. The situation was wittily characterized by Franklin in his remark to the delegates after appending their names to the document: "Now, gentlemen, we must all hang together or we shall all hang separately." Time finally proved that the nation had been born, but it was only after weary years and sharp vicissitudes that the fact became established.

In what respect does America now need to be so radically transformed that the change shall amount to a birth, or a rebirth? It must be born from the material conception of life to the spiritual. It must change its standards of value and appraisement. When the "solid men" of a community are spoken of, the "men of weight," what class comes instantly to the mind of the seventy million citizens of our great Republic? The *rich* men. A few may, and do, inwardly protest against the standard; but it exists, and we are all gauged by it in the common thought—and we are lifted up or forced down because of the prevalence of the standard. The dollar is a mightier potentate than the President.

Two factors have combined to reverse the tendency of American sentiment—a principle and a shock. The principle is that suggested by Professor Drummond in his volume on "The Ascent of Man," in which he showed that the funda-

mental law of evolution is not the "struggle for life," as has been supposed. Preceding that in the process of development, and certain in time to supplant it, was the higher principle of the "struggle for the life of others." This is Nature's Golden Rule. It is the fundamental, primordial law in accordance with which the universe is created and momentarily sustained.

The sudden realization of this truth by the American public is most remarkable. Previous to 1901 the Golden Rule was largely a latent force. It had little place in people's thoughts. A discourse on the subject in a public gathering would have been regarded as the dreariest of platitudes. Now there is no topic more universally discussed than the Golden Rule. Its vital significance has come to be appreciated "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." The public mind has awakened all at once to the short-sightedness of the selfish spirit, and to a realization that no man liveth or can live to himself alone; that true self-protection includes brother-protection; in short, that the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," or the Mosaic injunction, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is the only possible foundation for a normal social order.

The first practical step in introducing the new order of thought was the formation in New York City of the "Baron and Baroness de Hirsch Monument Association," founded for the purpose of erecting a monument to Philanthropy, which should also stand as a memorial to those noble exemplars of the Golden Rule, who bestowed during their lives, with rare judgment and discrimination, more than a hundred million dollars for the benefit of the needy and suffering, regardless of race or creed. It is truly said of them that "their benevolence reached from the center of Arabia to the Pacific Coast; the five continents bear witness to their benefactions."

It was the aim of the originators of the de Hirsch Association to utilize this high example as a means of turning the thought of the American people into channels of philanthropy and sympathy. While considering the question as to the most effective ways of accomplishing this result, a valuable hint was

supplied by Senator George F. Hoar in an address given on "Lincoln Day" of 1901 before the Massachusetts Legislature. He expressed his conviction that the Golden Rule is the only basis of a healthy and permanent civilization. Encouraged by this testimony from an American statesman, it was resolved by the managers to influence public sentiment in this direction by holding a Golden Rule mass-meeting.

The result exceeded their most sanguine expectations. A vast audience gathered on a stormy evening (March 26th) in the great auditorium of Dr. R. S. MacArthur's church in New York City to hear the Golden Rule discussed by a Confucian—the Hon. Wu Ting-Fang—by two Jewish rabbis, and by Christian clergymen of all shades of belief and also of complexion, one of them being as black a specimen as "darkest Africa" could produce. The enthusiasm of the audience fully equaled its numbers, and at the close of the meeting two practical resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted: (1) To organize a permanent Golden Rule Brotherhood, and (2) to recommend a discussion of the Golden Rule annually throughout the world; and in order to make such discussion as effective as possible it was proposed that the subject be considered once a year in the schools on Friday, in the synagogues on Saturday, and in the churches on Sunday.

The organization of the Brotherhood was effected in the June following, and the secretary of the Brotherhood visited the Pan-American Exposition during the summer, and from a public meeting held there, which represented the religious side of the Exposition, secured the issuing of an "Appeal to all Nations" asking them to enter into the plan of an annual Golden Rule Day.

Such, in brief, is the history of what may well be called the "Golden Rule Revival of 1901." The first factor in the nation's rebirth was supplied in the widespread recognition of justice to our fellow-men as the only practical law of life—individual, social, industrial, or political. But if the nation is to be born spiritually something must happen to transmute this passive sentiment into an active, vital force. What this

something was, we all know too well. Our beloved President, stricken down by the hand of an assassin, affords such a beautiful and divine manifestation of the spirit of the Golden Rule that the attention of the whole civilized world is riveted and concentrated upon that sentiment. It was like the voice of God, speaking to every heart, and saying, "Turn ye, turn ye from your prejudices, your antagonisms, your thoughts of war and bloodshed, and study the law of love and the ways of sympathy and kindness." The history of the human race from the beginning has but one parallel to this extraordinary event, with its infinite meaning.

Secretary Hay, in his recent address before the New York Chamber of Commerce, said:

"Never since history began has there been an event which so immediately and so deeply touched the sensibilities of so vast a portion of the human race. The sun which set over Lake Erie while the surgeons were still battling for the President's life had not risen on the Atlantic before every capital of the civilized world was in mourning. And it was not from the centers of civilization alone that the voices of sorrow and sympathy reached us; they came as well from the utmost limits of the world, from the most remote islands of the sea; not only from the courts of Christendom, but from the temples of strange gods and the homes of exotic religions. Never before has the heart of the world throbbed with a sorrow so universal. Never before have the kingdoms of the earth paid such homage at the grave of a citizen."

The spontaneous sorrow of the "great round world," as if even the earth itself were for the moment endowed with a heart to beat in sympathy with our nation's bereavement, was indeed most touching and inspiring. But the permanence of the impression and the value of the lesson depend largely upon the spirit of our new President. And here we have another link in what the thoughtful mind cannot but regard as a remarkable chain of providences. Six months before the assassination, Mr. Roosevelt, then Vice-President, was inspired to write a letter to the Golden Rule meeting in New York, which expressed in noblest diction the spirit of the Golden Rule movement:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., March 20, 1901.

"MR. THEODORE F. SEWARD, *Secretary*:

"My Dear Sir: I have your letter of the 11th inst. It is a matter of real regret that I cannot be with you. In this country, of all others, it behooves us to show an example to the world, not by words only, but by deeds, that we have faith in the doctrine that each man should be treated on his worth as a man, without regard to his creed or his race. Wonderful opportunities are ours, and great and growing strength has been given us. But if we neglect the opportunities and misuse the strength, then we shall leave to those who come after us a heritage of woe instead of a heritage of triumph. There is need of the aid of every wise, strong, and good man, if we are to do our work aright. The forces that tell for good should not be dissipated by clashing among themselves. In no way is it so absolutely certain that we will worse than nullify these forces as by permitting the upgrowth of hostilities and division based on creed or race origin. Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, if we only have the root of right thinking in us, we are bound to stand shoulder to shoulder and hand to hand in the effort to work out aright the problem of our national existence, and to direct for good and not for evil the half-unknown social forces which have been quickened into power by our complex and tremendous industrial development.

"With all good wishes, I am faithfully yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

In the sentence "If we only have the root of right thinking in us," Mr. Roosevelt gives the key-note of our nation's rebirth. That it was not a mere chance thought, but indicates a new ideal that has established itself in the minds of the American people, is shown by many signs, chief of which is the wave of sentiment regarding the Golden Rule already referred to. In Mr. Hay's address he said with reference to the underlying principle of American diplomacy: "The briefest expression of our rule of conduct is, perhaps, the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule." Bracketing this sentence with Mr. Roosevelt's, are we not justified in believing that the year 1901 will be recognized as the beginning of a new era of spiritual life for our nation? And it is already bearing fruit. The recent moral cataclysm in New York City was not a mere local spasm, a momentary reaction against unbearable conditions. It was a surface indication, a rising of the mercury in the barometer showing that the moral atmosphere is clearing throughout the entire country. It is an apparent fulfilment of the prophecy that "a nation shall be born in a day."

Our President has given the sign and seal of this birth in his recent message, where he says: "When all is said and done, the rule of brotherhood remains as the indispensable prerequisite to success in the kind of national life for which we strive."

Of the many evidences of a radical change in American thought, two should be specifically mentioned. The first is the rapidly changing sentiment with regard to Judaism. For nineteen hundred years it has been the belief of Christendom that there is an essential antagonism between Judaism and Christianity. The error of this idea is now coming to be recognized by all thoughtful Christians. Judaism gave the world the essential principles of all religion, namely, the conception of God as one, the truth of a universal providence, a perfect system of ethics in the Ten Commandments, and the law of universal brotherhood—"thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Jesus of Nazareth took pains to say, "I came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it." It is a part of America's noble mission to lead the world in doing justice to this long-oppressed people.

The second evidence to be mentioned is the broader standard of association for local reforms. Church federations are now beginning to include the liberal as well as the orthodox element, and, what is still more significant and important, reform combinations are coming into vogue which ignore entirely the question of religious differences. A typical case is to be seen in Toledo, Ohio, which has a world-wide reputation as a Golden Rule city with a Golden Rule mayor, Mr. S. M. Jones. A "Municipal Golden Rule Committee" has been formed there whose members include orthodox and liberal clergymen and laymen, Roman Catholics, Jews, Theosophists, Christian Scientists, Labor Union men—in fact, any and all who wish to join hands for promoting the highest interests of the community. They were first brought together by a Golden Rule mass-meeting and I suggest that such a meeting be held in every town and city. It will be found that the joy of seeing the divine image in a supposed heretic stirs the community with a new sensation.

THEODORE F. SEWARD.

New York.

THE RISE OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND ITS SERVICE TO MANKIND.

I. THE HISTORY OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE nineteenth century may be termed the golden age of scientific discovery and the summer-time of inventive genius, in comparison with which all other centuries dwarf into insignificance. The steamship, the railway, the telegraph and ocean cable, the telephone and wireless telegraphy, the lucifer match, illuminating gas and electricity, and the utilization and perfection of steam, electricity, and compressed air for motor power, are but a few of the inventions and discoveries which intimately affect the larger life of man and which have changed the face of the world. Among these splendid achievements, which adorn the glory crown of the century, photography is entitled to a commanding position.

Like the childhood days of civilization, the nineteenth century abounds in wonder-stories, but, unlike those of prehistoric ages, her wonder-tales are true. We do not even have to search for an arcane meaning in the modern marvels. The children of the witch and wizard, Science and Invention, are not fabulous, and the history of photography is but one of the many wonderful tales unfolded by the present era.

The alchemists of the Middle Ages were acquainted with the fact that sunlight darkened certain salts of silver, but they seem to have been too thoroughly engrossed in the search for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of youth to make practical use of the knowledge they possessed; and one of the first positive steps looking toward the discovery and utilization of photography is due to Giovanni Baptista Porta, a Neapolitan scientist, who invented the camera obscura about two hundred years ago, but nothing came of the invention and discovery during that age. Cultured people regarded it as interesting, but nothing more; and science had not at that time plumed her

pinions for daring flights, nor could it be said that the inventive spirit was abroad throughout Europe.

After Porta important observations and discoveries were made by Scheele, Senebier, Wedgewood, Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Seebeck, and others; but it was not until the early years of the second quarter of the nineteenth century that the patient researches of Joseph N. Niepce and Louis Jacques M. Daguerre were crowned with such positive success as to challenge the interested attention of the scientific world.

The story has often been told of Daguerre's narrow escape from an insane asylum. It was in 1838 that Mme. Daguerre's fears in regard to her husband's sanity became so great that she consulted one of the most celebrated physicians of Paris. To him she confided her dreadful suspicion. She told him how her husband had formerly taken the greatest delight in his profession of decorator and scenic painter in the great Parisian theaters; how later his wonderfully successful diorama proved a great pleasure to him as well as the source of much profit; but how of late a strong hallucination had gained possession of his mind. He insisted that his shadow-image could be caught and held on some silver plate with which he continually labored. No amount of reasoning could dissuade him. Indeed, the hallucination became more and more fixed with each day's work. The physician, who was a specialist in mental troubles, found in Madame's recital palpable proofs of insanity. In the first place, the conviction or belief was clearly an absurd delusion, and the persistence with which he clung to the hallucination was another characteristic of insanity. Both the wife and the doctor were soon firmly convinced that Daguerre's place was not in the busy, bustling world, and with this belief every act and word of the scientist seemed to them uncanny or abnormal. The longer the physician observed Daguerre, the more his suspicions were confirmed, and he earnestly advised the wife to have her husband quietly taken to the insane asylum at Bicêtre with the least possible delay. Before they were able, however, to put the doctor's advice into execution, Daguerre had solved the problem, and early in 1839 the publication of a description

of his process and an exhibition of his pictures made the name of Louis Jacques M. Daguerre famous throughout Europe.

Some time before this date, however, Joseph N. Niepce, who since 1814 had been working on the problem, had succeeded in taking pictures unaffected by the light. His method was faulty, but in 1827 he wrote a paper on the subject and forwarded it with specimens of his work to Dr. Bauer, then secretary of the Royal Society of London. M. Daguerre, on hearing of Niepce's investigation along the lines upon which he was working, sought him, and after several interviews the two formed a partnership for the better prosecution of their work. In 1832 M. Niepce died, and his son and Daguerre then formed a partnership for the continuation of the research.

It would seem from the evidence that Niepce was the first to succeed in the attempt to fix or set an image, though it is probable that the discovery was so imperfect and unsatisfactory that it was not until the closing months of 1838 that Daguerre succeeded in sufficiently perfecting the process to make it worth while to exhibit the work and publish an account of the discovery.

At the suggestion of the Academy, the French government bought the process from the discoverer and gave it to the world. Daguerre received a sum amounting to six thousand francs, and young Niepce received four thousand.

The daguerreotype was taken on metal plates that were usually silver-coated. Early in 1839 Mr. Fox Talbot, who since 1834 had been experimenting, published a description of a process of his own by which he was able to make sun pictures on prepared paper. In 1841 he patented his process under the name of calotype (beautiful pictures). Daguerre greatly improved the daguerreotype before his death, which occurred in 1851; and indeed the great activity and interest among scientists during the forties furthered the new art in many ways, but the greatest and most important forward step was taken in 1850, when the collodion film on glass was introduced by Mr. Scott Archer of England. Soon after this advance step, pic-

tures were printed from negatives, and the new process supplanted the methods of Daguerre and Talbot.

Since 1850 the history of photography has been a series of brilliant triumphs. Numerous improvements and important modifications have followed each other in quick succession, and the art has been carried forward with that zeal which marks the modern scientific spirit, united with the enthusiasm that the beautiful always awakens in the imagination of man. Perhaps its progress has nowhere been more signally marked than in the increased sensitiveness of the plates. Daguerre, in describing his discovery, remarked that "the time required to procure a photographic copy of a landscape is from seven to eight hours, but single monuments, when strongly lighted by the sun, or which are themselves very bright, can be taken in about three hours." To-day only a fraction of a second is required. So sensitive, indeed, is the modern plate that the flash of lightning, the swift-flying bird, or the flight of a bullet from a gun, can be photographed.

Two of the most wonderful achievements made in the photographic art in recent years are found in color photography and the taking of photographs by the aid of the Roentgen or X-ray. Color photography is as yet in its infancy. Comparatively few persons have enjoyed the privilege of seeing this wonderful triumph of science and skill. In his admirable work entitled "The Wonderful Century," Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace gives in small compass so intelligent a description of this new triumph in photography that I cannot do better than reproduce the great scientist's words:

"It has long been the dream of photographers to discover some mode of obtaining pictures which shall reproduce all the colors of Nature without the intervention of the artist's manipulation. This was seen to be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, because the chemical action of colored light has no power to produce pigments of the same color as the light itself, without which a photograph in natural colors would seem to be impossible. Nevertheless, the problem has been solved, but in a totally different manner; that is, by the principle of 'interference' instead of by that of chemical action. This principle was

discovered by Newton, and is exemplified in the colors of the soap-bubble, and in those of mother-of-pearl and other iridescent objects. It depends on the fact that the differently colored rays are of different wave-lengths, and the waves reflected from two surfaces half a wave-length apart neutralize each other and leave the remainder of the light colored. If, therefore, each differently colored ray of light can be made to produce a corresponding minute wave-structure in a photographic film, then each part of the film will reflect only light of that particular wave-length, and therefore of that particular color, that produced it. This has actually been done by Professor Lippmann, of Paris, who published his method in 1891; and in a lecture before the Royal Society, in April, 1896, he fully described it and exhibited many beautiful specimens.

"The method is as follows: A sensitive film, of some of the usual salts of silver in albumin or gelatin, is used, but with much less silver than usual, so as to leave the film quite transparent. It must also be perfectly homogeneous, since any granular structure would interfere with the result. This film on glass must be placed in a frame so constructed that at the back of it there is a shallow cell that can be filled with mercury which is in contact with the film. It is then exposed in the usual way, but much longer than for an ordinary photograph, so that the light-waves have time to produce the required effect. The light of each particular tint, being reflected by the mercury, meets the incoming light and produces a set of *standing* waves—that is, of waves surging up and down, each in a fixed plane. The result is that the metallic particles in the film become assorted and stratified by this continued wave-action, the distance apart of the strata being determined by the wave-length of the particular colored light—for the violet rays about eight-millionths of an inch; so that in a film of ordinary thickness there would be about five hundred of these strata of thinly scattered metallic particles. The quantity of silver used being very small, when the film is developed and fixed in the usual way the result is not a light-and-shade negative, but a nearly transparent film which nevertheless reflects a sufficient amount of light to produce a naturally colored picture. . . .

"The effects are said to be most beautiful, the only fault being that the colors are more brilliant than in Nature, just as they are when viewed in the camera itself. This, however,

may perhaps be remedied (if it requires remedying) by the use of a slightly opaque varnish. The comparatively little attention that has been given to this beautiful and scientifically-perfect process is no doubt due to the fact that it is rather expensive, and that the pictures cannot, at present, be multiplied rapidly. But for that very reason it ought to be especially attractive to amateurs, who would have the pleasure of obtaining exquisite pictures which will not become commonplace by indefinite reproduction."

The discovery and utilization of the X-ray have opened up an entirely new field for photographic work. The discovery was made by Professor Roentgen, of Würzburg, who after a series of experiments by the aid of the vacuum tubes and electricity, succeeded in obtaining shadow pictures of objects imbedded in opaque substances and hidden from the human eye by reason of intervening matter. Thus human flesh is not opaque to the X-ray, while bone and metal are. This of course renders the new discovery of great value in surgery. The luminosity of the ray of light differs from that of ordinary light. These rays cannot be refracted or reflected. They pass through powder as easily as through solids, and many substances, such as wood, paper, leather, and slate are pervious to the X-ray.

From this brief history of the discovery of photography and the successive steps that have marked its development, we now turn to a consideration of its service to the world.

II. PHOTOGRAPHY AS A SERVANT OF CIVILIZATION.

Few people to-day realize how much the discovery of photography has contributed to the pleasure and happiness of millions of people throughout the civilized world. Not only has this art filled our homes with the images of loved ones, but it has become one of the great factors in the culture of people, while also being one of the most useful allies of Science in her tireless quest for Truth.

Before the advent of photography only the very rich could afford portraits of the cherished members of the home circle,

for even indifferent work was far out of the reach of most persons, and few artists possessed at once the genius and the training necessary to catch and represent the lifelike features and expressions that we find in the work of the camera. Photography has changed all this, so that to-day in the homes of rich and poor alike, which jewel the civilized world, are found the lifelike shadows or images of those who hold a sacred place in the affections of the home makers. Would you realize something of what this means in the enrichment of life, then take the photographs of a few of your dearest friends, and think what they are to you—what they bring into life through the magic of memory and association whenever you look upon them. Here, for example, is the likeness of your father or mother who has passed into the summer-land of the soul, and as you look upon that thoughtful face, so faithfully depicted, you remember a life of sublime devotion and consecration to duty—a life of self-sacrifice and toil. You remember a thousand times when that parent looked just as the printed shadow, caught by the aid of the sun, represents the absent and silent one.

And here is a picture of a son or a brother, who years ago went bravely forth to meet life's stern realities. He is relentlessly, bravely, nobly battling, not for bread alone nor yet for fame or honor; for a great purpose he has sanctified his life—he is striving to make this old world happier and better. Before the magic of this picture the past rises as a dream, in which the boy, with joyous laughing face, gives place to the thoughtful youth, standing on the threshold of manhood, with brow mantled with the same look of confidence, mingled with serious concern, which the camera has so marvelously reproduced.

And here is a daughter or sister. Ah! that was a sad day in the little home when the lover bore away the bride. Hand in hand they started on their long journey, and now in a remote State they have builded their home. You will probably never see the sunny-haired girl again, but in a certain way she is with you whenever you look upon her likeness; for all her past—her beautiful, confiding past—comes vividly before

you, with the sunshine, the music, and the flowers of other days. And here is a likeness of one dearer than parent, brother, or sister. She, too, is absent now, but what witchery does this picture possess that makes you turn to it so often? How speaking are those eyes! Was ever a smile more tender? That picture always touches a magic spring in memory's hall, and forthwith a royal chamber is disclosed. Ah! it is the holiest of holies—the sanctuary of the heart—the throne of the deepest affection. You cannot look upon that picture without calling to mind a hundred cherished occasions when she smiled into your face, even such a smile as is here caught by the sensitive plate. Well may you say her soul speaks in those great luminous eyes; nor is it strange that you love to linger over that charming picture.

Now, with these treasures held in your hand, try to imagine what it would mean to you if they and the art for which they stand were suddenly destroyed, and then you will be able to understand something of what photography is to civilization's millions. Yet you have only considered this wonder of our century from the sentimental side. It is true that if photography did nothing more than enrich life by answering the yearnings of affection's cry it would hold a high place among the great blessings conferred by the inventive genius of the last century; but its service to man in other ways is already incalculable. It has been a great educational factor, the servant of broad culture, and the handmaid of science.

We have comparatively few pictured representations of the great of past ages, and these for the most part are unsatisfactory. Sculpture, it is true, has to some extent come to our aid by preserving the features of a few of the eminent ones of the remote past; but it was not until within the last fifty years that the world was made familiar with the illustrious sons of our age through photography. Now, however, the features and expression of almost all who have distinguished themselves during the last three-quarters of the nineteenth century are familiar to the reading public.

A gentleman interested in education some time ago deter-

mined to make an experiment, as a result of a discussion with an educator. He accordingly gained permission to present a series of photographs of leading statesmen, poets, novelists, essayists, scientists, philanthropists, and soldiers to the children of a certain public school. The boys and girls were requested to name the persons represented by the different pictures, and, to the great surprise and gratification of the teachers, a large percentage of the children recognized most of the photographs. This was especially the case with the poets, novelists, and statesmen. In like manner the gentleman exhibited photographic representations of great buildings and places of historic interest, and here he found even greater familiarity with the pictures displayed. In speaking of the result of this experiment he said to me that, though he had long been convinced of the immense value of photography as an educator, it was not until after this test that he realized how much this art, reenforced as it now is by methods of reproduction, is stimulating education and broadening the culture of the people. The picture of an eminent man at once arouses curiosity. Who is he? What has he done? And forthwith the child or adult begins to search for information. Reading about the person serves to increase one's general knowledge while it fastens the image of the person portrayed in the mind of the investigator. If the picture be that of a writer, the student is frequently led to peruse his work, and thus it often happens that the photograph or illustration of some famous individual not only leads to the inquiry as to his life but also culminates in acquainting the scholar with the best thoughts of the writer.

What is true of portraits is equally true of great historic places and spots around which a special interest clusters. How familiar to the school children of our time are the great buildings of the world! Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the cathedral of Notre Dame, St. Peter's, the Parthenon, the Parliament Houses of England, the Tower of London, and scores of other famous spots have been rendered so familiar by illustrations that they would be readily recognized by almost any youth of

fifteen years to-day. And yet adults as well as children, a hundred years ago, were comparatively unacquainted with these great places, while few of them had been able to form any intelligent conception of the structures, not having had the opportunity to see their representations. Here also, as with portraits, the pictures lead to trains of study and investigation which add to the general culture of the scholar while increasing the enjoyment that comes with the acquisition of knowledge.

Nor is the present the only field in which photography has greatly aided educational advance. During the last century excavations and archæological researches have done much toward unfolding the buried treasures of earlier civilizations and of by-gone ages. These discoveries have been fully photographed and reproduced, until pictorial representations which fifty years ago, in the nature of things, could only be enjoyed by a few trained scholars are now familiar to the general reading public. Like Gutenberg, Daguerre and the other fathers of photography have greatly enriched life and increased the enlightenment of the world.

Perhaps nowhere has the utility of photography been so evident as in scientific investigations. Not in one department alone, but in numerous fields of research, photography has come to the aid of science, enabling the investigator to learn the nature and character of fleeting phenomena, which would have been impossible without its aid. The astronomer, the physiologist, and the biologist alike have found it an aid of the most positive character. From the sweeping of the heavens to the locating of a bullet or a needle in the human body, photography has performed such wonders that it is no exaggeration to term it a handmaid of science. Take, for example, astronomy. If twenty-five years ago a daring scientist or inventor should have ventured the prediction that before the close of the nineteenth century an instrument would be discovered that should prove a far more searching eye for man than the greatest telescope ever manufactured, he would have received little credence. And yet through the aid of this art millions of stars have been discovered that were invisible to the eye,

even through the strongest glass. The camera has revealed facts that even the telescope failed to indicate. The new map of the heavens will be greatly indebted to photography for its revelations. Among other phenomena disclosed to the astronomer by the camera has been the fall of snow on the planet Mars.

It would require a volume to illustrate the uses of this discovery in the various branches of science. We must, however, confine ourselves to one other illustration. A few years ago the world was astonished by the discovery of Professor Roentgen of Würzburg. Now the intelligent public is familiar with the Roentgen ray, by which it is possible to discover, through photography, many foreign substances in the human body—a discovery that has already resulted in the saving of many lives that otherwise would have been sacrificed.

Perhaps few persons realize how large a place photography is filling among the labor-saving devices of the present. One typical illustration among a number that might be cited will serve to emphasize this fact. A short time ago, when visiting the extensive works of the American Watch Company, at Waltham, Mass., my attention was called to a modern method of lettering the faces of watches. In the old times men with good eyesight and steady nerves labored tirelessly in painting the delicate figures, letters, and ornamental designs on the enameled surface; but by the aid of the apparatus of which I speak all this work can now be instantly accomplished by photography. The labor of a number of men, in a work exceedingly trying to the eyesight, is now performed by the camera, aided by a powerful electric light.

Inventors and discoverers have generally an exaggerated idea of the value of their contributions to the world's knowledge; but this was not the case with photography. Its sphere of usefulness has broadened with the flight of years and the improvements made in its processes, until to-day it would be difficult to overestimate the blessings it has rendered to civilized man.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

RESPONSIBILITY IN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

IF ever any part of the American people have been prone to admit that democracy might prove a failure, it has been in connection with municipal government. When that cheerful optimist, Mark Twain, rises to express his faith in the absolute honesty of our urban population, he seems indeed to be saying something new—people rub their eyes and look relieved, as one awakening from an unpleasant dream. The frequent exposure of political corruption in the large cities and the at least partial failure of the efforts to secure permanent improvement have created a feeling of distrust that is too often evident, because it constitutes one of the greatest obstacles in the way of substantial reform.

This is not the day to build hopes of political progress on any departure from democratic ideas. Honesty, intelligence, and devotion to the public weal are less than ever the monopoly of any one section of the community. No one would seriously claim that the voters of cities are so wanting in moral principle and foresight as to forget that a corrupt and extravagant government means greater burdens and less security to themselves. It must be admitted that these people have been repeatedly thwarted in their most determined efforts to get rid of the leeches that prey upon them; but when it is attempted to impugn their character or their intelligence they have only to reply that they have never had half a chance to rule themselves through representatives having full powers and well-defined responsibilities.

The problem of devising a free system of government for large cities is one that the United States must solve for themselves. It is not such, however, as to have necessitated so much fruitless labor and so many disastrous failures if it had been approached by our legislators in a proper spirit. The trouble has been that, instead of unselfishly seeking for that

government which would enable the people of the cities most easily to govern their own affairs, the Legislatures, at the behest of political bosses, have dealt with municipalities very much in the same manner that the Czar uses toward local authorities in his empire. The party in control has looked upon the power to intervene in municipal matters as a fair means of advancing its interests in national politics or of placing its friends in positions of emolument. Municipal bodies, theoretically intrusted with the care of protecting the life and property of a million people, have been treated like ordinary private corporations, whose very existence is a privilege and whose powers are to be extended or restricted as caprice may dictate. Legislatures have even assumed the right to dispose of municipal property, and in other respects have gone so far that to be a resident of a large city is to be something lower than the people of other parts of the same State.

The evils that have resulted from such action on the part of the Legislatures cannot be exaggerated. It has not only effectually prevented any earnest effort to find the best form of municipal government: it has been the means of making it impossible successfully to operate such municipal government as did exist—by destroying its importance and the interest that people should take in it. It has led those having the most at stake to depend more on their ability to lobby the rural legislator than upon the approval of the people with whom they were dealing, and it has handed the latter over to the tender mercies of men to whom municipal questions are of secondary importance. But, worse than all, the direct interference of the Legislature and the creation of boards subject to the State authorities have brought happiness to the soul of every political trickster—by providing unlimited facilities for the shifting of responsibility.

It is needless to call attention to the many "deals" that have made this system notorious. There can be no more fruitful source of evil in a system of popular government than division and confusion of responsibility. When the people can only feel the burdens resulting from bad adminis-

tration without being able to hold any one directly to account, there remains very little incentive to virtue and less deterrent from crime or slovenliness. The candidates no longer fear punishment for their misdeeds, nor can they depend upon recognition for good service. Men of worth are prevented from seeking office, and the control is left to those who find in it a source of personal profit.

The first condition of municipal reform, then, is to give the people of the cities complete autonomy—the absolute and exclusive right to act as they please in all things municipal. When once these people realize that they are free and that there shall be no appeal from misgovernment made possible only by their own indifference—then only shall we have a revival of healthy and permanent interest in municipal affairs.

And why should not the people of cities be given the greatest measure of autonomy? Why should not the State Legislatures realize that it is as serious a matter for them to meddle in the internal affairs of a town as it would be for Congress to infringe upon the rights of one of the States of the Union? There is certainly nothing more sacred about the right of the hundreds of thousands of Rhode Island to self-government than about that of the millions of Greater New York. Why is it, then, that legislative interference is so lightly accepted—nay, so frequently sought—by the “best people”?

There is a Gordian knot that must be loosened before municipal reform can be placed upon a sound basis. Legislative meddling tends to degrade municipal institutions; but it is the unsatisfactory operation of these institutions that prompts so many to look for external relief and to allow themselves to be governed by boards and officials over whom they have scant control. Therefore, to secure autonomy the cities must devise a system of government that will give the greatest possible guaranty consistent with representative institutions that whatever is done at any time by the local authorities is approved by the people. The greatest degree of independence

will be secured by that city which leaves no reasonable ground for any part of its people to appeal to outsiders on the plea that they have not had a fair opportunity to be heard at home or that the local legislators do not represent the majority of the people at the time. Improvement begets improvement just as evil begets evil.

That is the best form of government which will enable the voters to supervise the work of their representatives with the least labor, most easily to trace the responsibility for all deeds of administration to its proper source, and most promptly to call misdoers to account. Evidently the city charters of our early days did not conform to this definition. Then, as now, we had a complex system of committees and departments more or less independent of one another, and officials having special immunities—each body having its own powers and its own dignity to uphold, whatever the cost to the public.

The necessity of so concentrating control and responsibility as to make it easier for the voter to exercise his judgment was the first thing that entered the mind of municipal reformers, and this led to a general movement in favor of extending the prerogatives of the mayor. But a mayor must be elected for a stated period, and during his term of office he is free and exercises the power intrusted to him very much as he pleases. When he is clothed with the absolute power of appointment and removal in all the departments, he presents a very good image of a despot; and such a picture is never popular with the people of this country. Aware of the latter fact, most reformers have resorted to compromise measures. A notable example of this weakening of the champions of reform was shown in the drafting of the charter of Greater New York. "The power of appointment and removal," said the gentlemen who drafted that document, "is given to the mayor, so that the people may hold him responsible for his administration. His power of removal after the first six months is limited to removal on charges, because it is feared that, should absolute power be conferred upon

him, the Commissioners would be too much the creatures of the Mayor." Thus from the start the fear of autocracy makes reformers desert their principles, and the politicians of the Legislatures are not slow to take advantage of the circumstance to assume the right of supervision. In the end the people are left where they were before the agitation for the concentration of responsibility began.

There are many reasons why a mayor should not be made all-powerful—reasons that apply against every kind of despotism.

Every suggestion to increase the power of the mayor has been necessarily at the expense of the legislative branch of the government, and has been instrumental in lowering the standard of the latter. As matters stand, it seems to be taken for granted that a common council must, of its nature, be a corrupt and incompetent body, to which only people of a very inferior class will seek election. One must be a very poor student of history who has not learned that the decline of legislative bodies has everywhere been the signal for the overthrow of free government. The salvation of municipal institutions lies in the restoration of the city parliaments to the position that properly belongs to the legislative branch—the first.

We fully realize that one of the leading reasons that have prevented many a good man from serving in the municipal legislature has been the large amount of administrative work unnecessarily required of him. However public-spirited a man of business may be, he will soon become disgusted if he has to be present to vote every time there is a contest over the laying of a few feet of drainage pipe or the appointment of a policeman. The proper remedy for this condition of affairs is the appointment of executive agents; but it has been a very serious mistake to make these largely independent of the legislators. The class of men who have no time to waste upon petty details will not be tempted to enter a body shorn of its legitimate influence and prestige. In relieving the common council of executive duties, care should be taken to pre-

serve in every way its right to order and control, to censure and dismiss.

And now I invite attention to that most pliable and efficient instrument of government which the "mother of Parliaments" has evolved under the stress of social, religious, and economic changes—the responsible parliamentary cabinet. I fail to see any difficulty in the way of adapting a cabinet after the British model to our municipal conditions. According to this idea, the mayor would be required to select the chiefs of departments—let us call them commissioners—from among the members of the city council. It should certainly be an easy task for men who aspire to such positions of trust to show that they are sufficiently in touch with the people to secure a seat in the council. The next thing required of the commissioner would be that they work together, stand responsible for one another so long as they choose to remain in the same cabinet, and that they step out of office whenever their policy ceases to meet with the approval of the majority of the people.

Those are severe conditions. Men who seek office will no doubt prefer the present system, which places a man in power for a definite period and does not compel him to worry over what other departments are doing, nor even to consider whether the policy he follows is the one that he was expected to carry out. But the people have a vast interest in the change. It will give them all the advantages that were to result from the concentration of authority in the hands of the mayor—unity of responsibility and harmony—without the danger. The system goes as far as possible toward securing harmony and consistency in the administration. Members of the cabinet have a free hand in their respective departments, but they must submit to the control of their colleagues and consider always a general policy; their common interest teaches them to sink their differences. The thought must ever be present to their minds that the fault of one may bring about the downfall of all.

The commissioners, while in office, would have absolute

power, within the bounds of law; but the danger of abuse is reduced to a minimum by the necessity of rendering account of their stewardship to the Legislature. In a national government, where the sessions of parliament occur only at long intervals, the ministers may take some liberties. In a city, where the representatives are easily convened and informed, the control of the legislative branch would be practically uninterrupted.

In the present system, executive officers who fail to carry their schemes through the legislative branch lose very little. If their path is blocked in one direction, they retain their office, with all the incidental influence, for future use. With parliamentary responsibility, on the contrary, those who have helped to defeat the authors of an unpopular policy immediately succeed them in office and have an opportunity to apply their own principles.

Thus we have realized three great objects: (1) unity of responsibility, making it clear to the people that every member of the cabinet and every representative who voted to keep them in office are responsible for whatever has been done; (2) immediate punishment, as a deterrent from the abuse of power; and (3) immediate reward as an inducement to enter the lists for the right.

Now, as to the influence of this régime on the morale of the legislative body. With a responsible cabinet, the private members are as much relieved of the duty of looking after details as under any other system; yet the dignity of their office is maintained by the fact that they have the right of general and absolute control over the administration. By making the path of duty comparatively easy, a first inducement is offered to good men to enter office. A greater inducement is held up to the ambitious through the way the members of the cabinet are selected. At the present time, to become an alderman is sometimes an impediment to political advancement; it is very seldom a help. When one shall be obliged to pass through the municipal legislature to reach the highest positions in the civic service, seats will be sought by the best class

of men. The council shall again become a training-school for future executive officers, the public interest in it shall revive, and each branch of the government will exert a fruitful influence on the other.

When the character of the legislative body has been thus elevated it is very proper that it should have supreme power to direct the executive. A large body, all other things being equal, is always more likely to reflect the minds of the people than any one man. Yet the legislature itself would not be left without check. The cabinet members could relieve the mayor of many annoying duties that are now thrust upon him; but still the head of the executive would be left with powers by no means less important than those with which he is now intrusted. Among these prerogatives are the right to vote, the right to dismiss a cabinet when the legislature fails to do its duty, and the right to dissolve the legislature itself in case of persistent disagreement. Thus the mayor, representing the whole people, stands as a power almost equal to the Legislature in cases of emergency.

But between these two powers there can be no deadlock such as has often forced good men into very unsavory "deals" to prevent the clogging of the wheels of government. The appeal to the people direct, at the time when all the facts at issue are fresh in every mind, provides an ever-ready solution. It is not the least of the merits of this system that no statesman who feels that he is supported by public opinion need accept a compromise. And upon the rock of public opinion we may safely build.

T. ST. PIERRE.

Worcester, Mass.

RACE REVERSION IN AMERICA.

PROFESSOR Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, has a pet theory that the white race on the American continent will eventually become Indians. The data from which he draws this conclusion are some ethnological investigations he has carried on in various parts of the United States, particularly Pennsylvania.

Professor Starr is not the first to hold this theory. Starting from the premise that every continent has a characteristic flora, and, so far as the lower animals go, a characteristic fauna, it is not unreasonable to assume that the rules of modification that apply to the rest of Nature also apply to man. What, if not climate, food, and surroundings, has caused the different varieties of the human race—the wide divergence from the original red-haired, ruddy-skinned man who first flourished on the Riviera of France? How explain the certain family resemblance that exists between the plants and animals of each continent? The Caucasian Abyssinian and the semi-Caucasian Nubians and Gallas are as black as the negroes of the rest of the continent. The Finns, Huns, and European Turks, descendants of yellow races, are white, like other Europeans. The descendants of the tiny Chihuahua mastiff in a few generations approximate the size of English mastiffs, if bred in England. The big Andalusian horse of the Spanish cavalry of Cortez has become the small, light-limbed, piebald broncho of North America. Ergo, it is possible, nay probable, that the light-haired, light-skinned European, wide of girth, will become—nay, is becoming—the dark-skinned, dark-haired American Indian with little superfluous flesh upon him.

So far, very good; but as much may be said the other way. The diminutive, swarthy Laps were dwelling in the Scandinavian peninsula when the first glimmerings of history began, but they have not become blond or tall. The Eskimo of the

farthest north is as swarthy as the Berber of the Sahara. The Jew has remained a Jew wherever he has gone. The brown Hottentot, small and ill formed, lives side by side with the shapely, tall, and black Zulu. The huge Patagonians front upon the miserable Fuegians. The splendid Navajoes, long faced and big nosed, are not far from the flat, round-faced, entirely Mongolian Mojaves. What has climate to do with the peculiarities of these people? If hot climates make negroes and cold climates blonds, then the failure of the Arctic regions to bleach the swarthy hyperborean races requires explanation.

If the American continent is going to turn the white man into an Indian, what kind of an Indian is he going to become? The white nationalities in this country are comparatively homogeneous. The predominant English type with its kindred Celtic and Teutonic types, whence it is derived, will form a homogeneous type within a few generations. Is this white American to become the tall, aquiline-nosed, long-faced Indian, the hunting Indian of the East, now almost extinct, or the squat, flat-faced, Mongolian agricultural Indian? It will not do to answer that he will become that variety of Indian which lived in the section he inhabits, for distinct varieties of Indian live side by side, the common conditions of their surroundings having been unable to bring them to a common type. The Abyssinians and the Gallas are black; but here it is possible to prove too much, for they are blacker than any negro tribe. Their carbonaceous diet is said to be the principal cause of their blackness. The Turks, Finns, and Huns are white, but all these nations have absorbed Slavonic and Greek blood for centuries. Natural causes springing from their surroundings have not changed them within these few centuries, for, in that case, residence in tropic lands for several centuries should have changed the colonial Spanish, French, and Portuguese. The Spanish-American of pure descent is no darker than the Spaniard. Brazilians and Portuguese of Angola have not become darker than the European Portuguese, except where there has been an intermixture of dark blood.

Professor Starr has been among the Germans of western

Pennsylvania, and he finds that these people, who for two hundred years have received no new admixture of foreign blood, either from those around them or from fresh accessions from Germany, show many instances of the Indian type. He finds case after case where these descendants of blond, short Germans are tall, thin, and dark, with aquiline noses and high cheek-bones. From this premise he reaches the conclusion that the Americans of European descent must inevitably become Indians. But is not his premise fallacious? Professor Starr may come into certain districts of Wisconsin where he will find Germans of the first generation, and, measuring them, will find tall, thin, dark, high cheek-boned people in plenty. When the writer, as a Yankee lad of thirteen, first made the acquaintance of Germans in the West, it was the high cheek-boned, small-eyed type of German which he erroneously took to represent the race. The Gothic German does not differ enough from the prevailing English type at once to be detected by an unskilled observer, but the Mongolian-mustached, slant-eyed, high cheek-boned German is sufficiently numerous to be mistaken by a tyro for the general German type. Bismarck was of this type. Compare his picture with that of Li Hung Chang, and you will see that if Li had sheared his mustache somewhat, put a pickelhaube on his head, and got into a Prussian uniform, he would have made a very good Brandenburg.

The Germans are far from being pure Teutons. Scattered Turanian peoples existed all over the present territory of the empire until quite recent times. Scattered Slavonic peoples still exist on German soil—preserving their speech and identity. The very name *Prussian* is Slavonic, and the Germanization of old Prussia is not many centuries old. In the west of Germany, in Hanover, a tribe of Slavonic Wends kept up their language and separate existence until the eighteenth century, as other Wends still do in other portions of the empire. The writer once came across a little group of Rhenish Germans at a Wisconsin auction. They were tall and thin and had high cheek-bones and long, thin, hooked noses. With

shaved lips and the long, thin chin-whiskers popularly associated with Kansas, they were a wide departure from the ordinary German. Yet they were Germans. Where did they get those long, angular faces? What strain did they represent? The answer was found in ancient Nineveh, in an Assyrian mural painting representing Scythian prisoners of war taken in the great Scythian invasion of Asia in the sixth century B. C. These portraits from buried Nineveh might have been sketches of these Rhenish Germans; they might have been sketches of Pennsylvania Dunkards whose pictures I have seen.

Germany has witnessed a constant migration of peoples. In Cæsar's time, Teutons were pressing the Gauls on the Rhine, and in the rear of the Teutons were Sarmatians and Ugrians pushing them in turn. Back and forward have swept the waves of Teutons and Slavs, and Mongol Huns in historic times, and Finns in the dim traditional times just before history, left their traces on Germany. In Cæsar's time the tide was setting eastward. Since then the Slavs have been pushed westward, absorbed, Germanized. These high cheek-boned Germans in western Pennsylvania are descendants of high cheek-boned Germans in Germany itself—Germanized Sarmatians, Finns, Huns, Letts, Wends, and all the various ruck of Mongols and Slavs that have swept back and forth across Germany for three thousand years, leaving their imprint behind.

Is it not possible that Starr's premise is fatally defective in that these Indian types found by him are not approximations but real types—descendants of Indian ancestors? When you look for it you will see the Indian type very frequently. What became of the Eastern Indians? After the wars of early days were over they dwelt in little civilized communities near the whites. We hear of them as clergymen (even ministering to white congregations), as doctors, as teachers. Were they all slaughtered? Did disease claim them all after they had acquired civilization? No; they were absorbed. Those who look for it will occasionally see the Indian type among New Yorkers, New Englanders, New Jerseyans, and Pennsylvani-

ans. If this is the effect of climate, then why do we find it only in isolated instances, with no gradual approximation on the part of the whole population? The original emigration from the Palatinate to Pennsylvania was not large. A small amount of Indian blood introduced then, increasing in its distribution by natural increase, would result in a large number of occurrences of the Indian type in the present population.

The Pennsylvania Germans sent forth many pioneers, and the pioneers of all nationalities took many Indian wives. The Pennsylvania Indians were on better terms with the whites than were the Indians of other colonies. It would not be strange if the Germans who settled in the region where the Indian types have been found absorbed the Indians whom they found dwelling there.

If we could arrive at the truth we might find that the Indian types among Pennsylvania Germans were, after all, Indians. The aborigines did not increase in their original state. They had large families, but death in infancy claimed a large number, and epidemics before which they were helpless claimed others. This blood mingled with white blood would not necessarily be infertile. Indeed, statistics of our Indian agencies show that the birth-rate of the mixed bloods is higher than that of either parent race. The infant of mixed ancestry, cared for by civilized skill, would have the same chance of living that white children would have. Small numbers of people of colonial times are represented by large numbers now. As an instance where we are not compelled to make estimates, we have the sixty-six thousand French of Canada, when England conquered it, now represented by over two million descendants in Canada and the United States—an increase assisted by no immigration.

The Indian types among Pennsylvania Germans came about in two ways. They are actual Indian types. They are high cheek-boned, long-faced recrudescences of various German, though not Germanic, breeds.

If there is a certain family resemblance of fauna and flora on the same continent, there is more than a resemblance of flora

in similar climates. At certain elevations of the Alps, and of the Andes, are found plants that elsewhere find the temperature favorable to their growth in regions near the Poles. European weeds and vegetables introduced into this country remain as they were, unless change be artificially produced by the horticulturist. Here is a direct challenge to the analogy of the family likeness of fauna and flora on the same continents.

Philology once assumed to decide all questions of ethnology. Language was supposed to prove race. The absurdity of this is even yet hardly appreciated. It is the criterion responsible for the denial of the large amount of Celtic blood in the mis-called Anglo-Saxon blood, though the Anglo-Saxonism of the race was never seriously questioned by the fact that the Norman-French, supposedly Norse, spoke French to a man, without a word of Norse. If the amount of Celtic blood in the English people is no greater than the percentage of Celtic words in the language, then we must conclude that the Normans were one hundred per cent. French because they spoke a tongue one hundred per cent. French! To take an extreme case, a negro may speak English—a whole tribe even in Africa, as the Kroos, may speak English.

After the right of philology to decide ethnologic questions began to be questioned, anatomy and physiology became the arbiters. Anatomical measurements, color of hair and skin, composition of color pigments—these were to have the last word. History has been little considered. Anatomical measurements, as in the case of Professor Starr, may lead one into grave error. In themselves, the results of Starr's investigations might seem to justify his conclusions, were we to disregard all that we can learn from climatic and other influences on other continents—and, for that matter, on this continent. But history must be taken into account; the antecedents of the race must be studied. Professor Starr does not seem to prove his theory on any line. At the very start he fails to tell how the aboriginal Americans themselves presented such widely variant types as the Mongoloid Indians of the West and the Semitic type of the East—a type that started the old Puritan

theory that the Indians were the Lost Ten Tribes: a theory lately borne out by the discovery of the Afghan tradition that Afghans came to North America at some remote epoch. Further, the Afghans believe themselves to be descendants of the Lost Ten Tribes, and they present marked Hebraic characteristics.

Philology and anatomy cannot have the last word in ethnology and anthropology. Nor can history determine race origin. But by giving each its due proportion we may approach the truth. Disregarding history, the investigator of a few generations hence would be able to find that the Swedes and Norwegians of Minnesota and Wisconsin were becoming Indians. Among the emigrants from these two supposedly pure Teutonic nations can be seen many a Mongoloid face—evidence of Finnish and Laplander ancestry; and the long-faced, high cheek-boned face is there too. But it cannot be the sand, the pines, or the cranberry marshes that have done this, as perhaps some investigator might think a hundred years hence. It is not the country that is subtly changing man into a consonance with the aboriginal fauna and flora: these people presented these Indian types the day they landed at Castle Garden.

In Uruguay and Paraguay, Starr might find apparent proof that the Spanish stock had approximated the Guarani Indian type, even in cases where there had been no admixture. But if he were to follow them back to Spain he would find these Spaniards came from the Basque provinces, and that physically they bore a strong resemblance to the Guaranis before they ever saw America. One might even go to Angola and Mozambique and find that Portuguese families who had preserved their Portuguese blood without mixture for generations were approximating the African type—that here Caucasians were slowly being turned into negroes. But history would tell him that, in the century after Vasco da Gama, hundreds of thousands of negroes were brought into Portugal and were absorbed by the nation, that the whole race save in the northern provinces has been tinged by it, and that a purely

Portuguese family in Africa might be purely Portuguese in its ancestry for two hundred years and yet have the blood of Africa. History must not be disregarded. The ethnologist, the anthropologist must be more than a scientist alone. Such a complexity as man must be studied in a complex manner.

WARDON ALLAN CURTIS,

Madison, Wis.

CORPORATIONS AND TRUSTS.

THERE exists a general but entirely unjustifiable impression that there is some necessary connection between the corporate form of doing business and the ills resulting from those monopolistic combinations loosely designated as trusts. It is true that at present all trusts are corporations, but the converse is not equally true. Not all corporations are trusts. As a matter of fact, not one per cent. of all existing corporations could be classed as trusts. Yet men of considerable intelligence fall into the common error of visiting the sins of the trusts upon the corporations. By this mistaken and misapplied denunciation thousands of stockholders in the multitude of small corporations are antagonized, and are perforce compelled to enroll themselves as defenders of the trust system in order to protect their own small corporate interests from threatened assault.

The corporation form as used for ordinary business purposes is a useful and legitimate method of associating skill and capital to conduct joint undertakings. Its advantage is that many can join with small amounts in a common enterprise without incurring the partnership risk of losing their entire fortunes. If the corporation fail, the individual stockholder loses his investment, but no more. Also, the issue of stock certificates to represent his investment makes it easy for him at any time to transfer his interest or to use it as security upon which to borrow money. Coöperative undertakings would be almost impossible if the parties thereto were compelled to organize under the harsh rules of the common law partnership.

If the farmers in a neighborhood wish to start a creamery, they unite under the corporate form and each takes so much stock. If a few mechanics wish to start a coöperative shop, they naturally organize as a corporation. If an inventor has designed a new fruit crate and wishes to start its manufac

ture, he forms a stock company and invites his friends to join with him by each subscribing to a few shares. Few of the incorporations in the State of New York have a capitalization exceeding \$100,000, and the majority range from \$1,000 to \$20,000. Further, with hardly any exceptions they are formed to carry on useful trades and industries. In one day recently there were incorporated, in the State of New York, companies for the following purposes and with the following capitalizations: To manufacture ice, \$50,000; to manufacture photographic paper, \$30,000; to manufacture furniture, \$15,000; to build, decorate, and furnish houses, \$2,000; to deal in fibers, flax, hemp, and jute, \$20,000. Usually the list is larger and the average capitalization somewhat lower, but otherwise the foregoing list is a fair representation of the daily incorporations in the State. Nearly all are formed to carry on industries beneficial to the State, and in their nature they are the antitheses of the trusts. Were it not for the uncalled-for attacks on corporations as such, the stockholders in these small companies would from self-interest be among the most earnest opponents of the large combinations.

The same reasons that lead these small enterprises to organize under the corporate form—business utility and convenience—lead the trusts to use it. These last do not, however, owe any of their monopolistic features to its use, and, what is yet more to the point, they could exert all their monopolistic power under other forms quite as effectually. Lawyers always avoid experiments as long as possible, but it is known to all well-informed members of the profession that there are many variations of the partnership, the joint-stock company, and the board of trustees, that can be employed to continue the being of the trusts, should they be driven from the use of the corporate form. To the smaller enterprises the corporation form is essential, but to the larger combinations it is only convenient. Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Havemeyer, or Mr. Morgan could procure almost any amount of capital for his purposes under any form of organization he might adopt.

It should also be borne in mind that, if driven to seek out

these other forms, the trusts would then be under the protection of constitutional provisions that do not apply to corporations, and it would be more difficult to restrict and regulate their operations. A corporation is purely the creation of the law, and the Legislature has absolute control over it. The power to tax is the power to destroy, and corporations may be taxed without limit. They may be classified and each class taxed at a special rate. As capitalization increases, the ratio of taxation may be increased, or it may vary with the dividends earned. They may be limited to one plant or factory if desired. They may be forbidden to hold real property or to establish themselves in a State. To force trusts out of the corporate form would be most unwise.

Those who are so zealously fighting the form rather than the substance of monopoly are not only wasting their efforts but are actually making foes of those who should be allies, and are diverting attention from the real issue, which is the restraint of monopoly, to a barren warfare against its present outward and visible form.

As has been well said by Senator William Lindsay, of Kentucky, before the American Academy in Philadelphia: "So long as the active opponents of trusts continue to treat all corporations as equally bad and all combinations of capital as equally pernicious, just that long will they continue to reinforce the monopolies with allies, who have no sympathy for but are compelled to make common cause with them, in order to protect themselves in the war they are being foolishly and unjustly required to defend."

THOMAS CONYNGTON.

New York.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BROTHERHOOD.

THE disposition of capital to combine is a perfectly natural one. It may have its resultant evils—nay, it does have—but it is acting on legitimate lines of self-defense and self-advancement, and has also its resultant good, especially in moving other and better forces to similar action. In this the capitalist, the despised rich man, has led off in the very greatest principle underlying Christian ethics. Verily, "the children of this world in their generation are wiser than the children of light." Combination means brotherhood, and though it begin in a limited circle it must eventually break into larger and still larger circles.

It is a basic law of the universe that all things are related as part to whole. The rich man is related to the poor man—they are both misshapen parts of a perfect whole—and the money that is between them is the basis of action for both. Combination of capitalists in America some years ago forced the combination of the laborers. Now, that was the very best thing that ever happened—the union of labor. The world had been needing it ever since Cain and Abel quarreled. It has made an inestimable profit by it. Of course, these two old-time supposed enemies, Capital and Labor, rushed at each other with malice prepense to kill—and be killed. Many is the bout they have had, and probably shall yet have. But who can doubt the end? Who would not name the victor? Man is a greater force than money, and labor will sooner or later win all things for itself. The seal of honor was set upon it long ago in the dictum to Adam—who had not the ghost of a chance to form a trust: "Henceforth thou shalt earn thy bread in the sweat of thy brow." That has been mistaken for a curse; it is a blessing so rich that mankind without it would have starved. I know a poet once said:

"Just experience tells in every soil
That those who think must govern those who toil."

But the poet in his wildest imaginings never dreamed of a land where the toiler would be the thinker. He wrote that under the spell of monarchism, else he would have said that he who toils shall rule the globe; for the toiler is the thinker. In America to-day the men that control in any field are toilers, come from the toiling ranks. There is no chance for an idler. The struggler will mount upward, but the laggard will go down. The capitalist is the veriest laborer in the field: he toils to win his capital and he toils to keep it. But here under the influence of the hated "trust" he is learning to turn it loose for the benefit of others, and—lo, a miracle!—it comes back to him, a hundred-fold, and his labor is lightened besides.

Indeed, these two are coming to understand that they are not enemies after all. They are beginning to realize some proper relation between the man who *would* win and the man who *has* won. Like every other good thing it has been worked out by slow stages, and that too while men supposed they were working out something else.

It is one of the necessary results of *Americanism*, so called, which never did mean anything but a higher order of brotherhood. A nucleus of Anglo-Saxon minds once expressed it in a formal declaration thus: "All men are born free and equal," and further added that they have an inalienable right to the "pursuit of happiness." This was a long jump from the "divine right of kings," and it startled the world—especially the kings. It was a bold assertion, and must needs be proved. Nothing daunted, the thirteen American Colonies undertook to defend it; and after silencing the strenuous objections of George III. with powder and ball, thus hurling a fusillade of defiance at Old World ideas, they set about demonstrating their theory with an assurance so sure that Europe called it "spread-eagleism." A very good word, too, considering the way in which this audacious claim has spread itself!

Perhaps it has not been satisfactorily proved. Perhaps it could not be proved as a whole. But in its attempted verifica-

tion many truths have been evolved that it were good for men to know—none of more vital importance than that of the brotherhood of the race, which has developed so phenomenally that it is now the dominant chord of our civilization, notwithstanding the pessimistic hue and cry that money is king, and that the dollar-mark is the coat-of-arms of our nobility.

It is true that the making of money has been and continues to be a prominent phase of our national life. The conditions of the country are conducive to labor; labor amasses wealth; wealth demands an avenue for further activity—and finds it in investment, thus piling up wealth upon wealth. But here, as nowhere else, is it turned back through legitimate channels to the poorer masses that forever bring up the rear of human toilers—advancing with every generation, mere stragglers of the camp, to be leaders of the army. It goes into the large manufacturing, mining, engineering, and commercial interests for the employment of those without means of their own, thereby solving the problem that has vexed all the past. The only way effectually to help men is to enable them to help themselves. The rich man has inadvertently taught us this, and has used his remarkable money-making genius to further this end.

Witness the lavish gifts of individuals, not only of the millionaire but of the moderately wealthy classes. In 1900, bequests and gifts for public purposes alone in the United States sum up \$47,000,000, while the aggregate for the last eight years is \$314,050,000. This is exclusive of the ordinary donations for church, educational, and benevolent concerns, which every year run far up into the millions. A beautiful feature of these annual lists is the large amounts given by obscure persons. Men and women whose names are comparatively unknown give sums that would have enriched the Ptolemies or the Cæsars. The large proportion of such gifts rivals that of the multi-millionaire class. It seems the man with one talent has not wrapped it in a napkin—and certainly he with five talents has not abused the trust. The placing

of \$7,000,000 by Mr. Carnegie, to be held in security for his employees, besides the giving of other several millions to establish and perpetuate free libraries and art galleries, is a new order of things. Mr. Carnegie himself is a new type of rich man, indigenous to our soil. John D. Rockefeller's gifts to Chicago University alone foot up \$9,133,874. Peter Cooper literally sold all he had and gave to the poor. Mrs. Leland Stanford has practically done the same thing, investing Leland Stanford University with properties valued at \$50,000,000—the largest endowment in the world. Mrs. Emmons Blaine recently gave \$1,000,000 to the Chicago University School of Education.

Such munificent giving, so common that it ceases to excite more than passing comment, argues a higher feeling than mere love of money. It hints strongly of a practical understanding of the New Testament command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and is one of the surest signs of our approach to civic brotherhood—that ideal state to which all nations would attain. A vast network of sympathy is permeating society and leading it into a well-defined and acknowledged kinship where every man considers somewhat his neighbor's good.

Outside the large church organizations, in which the principle originated and in which it has been zealously fostered, there are a score or more of orders for the promotion of brotherhood alone. Among students it is the college fraternity. In the social realm it is Masonry, Odd Fellowship, Red Men, United Workmen, Woodmen, Elks, and numerous others, including the ever prevalent club. Interdenominationally, the Young Men's Christian Association and the Christian Endeavor serve to widen more and more the borders of Christendom. And lately there has sprung up and spread like wildfire an order known as Buffaloes, which is a kind of practical joke and a pleasant satire on our organizing propensity, but which nevertheless is fast becoming a recognized bond of fellowship all over the country. "Are you a Buffalo?" is a keen little query—heard in Mississippi and Michigan, in New

York and California—which is calculated to draw a smile sooner or later, from even the staidest son of Uncle Sam. It is no respecter of persons, for its membership includes men—women too—of the highest standing, officially and otherwise, as well as cowboys and roustabouts. Mere humor as it is, it shows the tendency of the times.

I know it is popular to shriek that the few are throttling the masses. But the masses have never yet been throttled. Instead, the masses have from time immemorial swayed mightily the race. They have set up and thrown down principalities and powers, and have given and withheld crowns and scepters. If they bow to emperors and kings, it is because they choose to do so; and whenever they choose, kings and emperors must bow to them.

There may be kings in a free Republic. I dare say we have all at some time or other seen one—a real, live one—hedged around with gilded royalty and salaamed to by a gaping populace. But most likely he carried no other insignia of rank than the favor and patronage of his makers, the populace, and bore the stamp, whether true or counterfeit—"for one may smile and smile and be a villain still," and thereby deceive—of honest manhood. If counterfeit, he was the figment of men's fancy, *their* creation of a day—"a breath could mar, as a breath had made." I remember one I have seen. He was a small, ragged boy who hailed from New Orleans, traveling complimentary by way of the Illinois Central. He stopped for dinner in a railroad hotel of Illinois, where half a hundred men and one woman were eating a hasty meal. He seated himself at table and ordered with the best of them. Questioned by the proprietor, he said he was going to Chicago—didn't have any money—never had any money. Half a hundred men and one woman were ready to pay the fare for the king's dinner, and several proffered it, all of which the landlord promptly refused. After dining heartily, his majesty sauntered out and took his pick of several long trains going north, clambered to a perch on a box-car, waved his

hand to the mixed multitude of his subjects on the platform, and disappeared around the curve.

Bad as we are, this fairly illustrates the spirit of the age among the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the learned and the unlearned. Instances might be multiplied. Current fiction teems with stories of a similar character—idealized, it is true, but taken rough-draft from actual experience. The leader in real life, whether in politics, religion, or trade, is he who draws men after him largely by the subtle force of fellowship; and the hero of the public is the man that feels the most for the greatest number. If there is a ruler of the sovereign people in America, he is my brother.

EUGENIA PARHAM.

West Kentucky College, Mayfield.

IBSEN'S "PEER GYNT."

"**P**EEER GYNT," which was written in 1864, while the author was in southern Italy, is perhaps Henrik Ibsen's greatest drama. In every sense of the word it is *modern*; and a critical, sympathetic study of it is well worth while for any one who would learn what a clever psychologist and lively, lucid artist Ibsen really is.

For just what "Peer Gynt" is most significant it is in truth hard to tell. There is no nauseating, harrowing element in it, as in "Ghosts." It is fresh and exuberant through and through. Indeed, "Peer Gynt" is essentially a dramatic comedy, instinct with vital action, symbolic, phantasmagoric, and fairly packed with pathos and humor. Peer, the chief character, moves before us in divers situations, a reckless, rollicking, fantastic being—until confronted by the Button-molder, Death. He is then alarmed into taking a serious view of life; and through the influence of a woman a transformation for the better is effected. Diction, songs, scenes—all contribute to shadow forth Peer's erratic, devil-may-care personality. The almost galvanic rhythm of the snip-snappy, rub-a-dub verse is especially adapted to a rendering of his freakish vagrancy. And without doubt Peer's outlandish vagrancy is as significant and suggestive as anything in the drama.

That a moral issue runs through "Peer Gynt" is probable. In our rational age the infusion of a moral issue into a piece of literature is evidently quite the fashion. Hugo's three works, "Notre Dame de Paris," "Les Misérables," and "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," are narratives concerning respectively the oppression of men by Church, State, and Nature. Balzac's three romances, "The Magic Skin," "Louis Lambert," and "Seraphita," pertain respectively to physical, intellectual, and spiritual phases of man. Zola has recently undertaken a series of chants preaching respectively the gospels of Fruitfulness,

Labor, Truth, and Justice. And the "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" of Ibsen assuredly warrant us in giving him a place along with other eminent modern didactic writers.

Ibsen's "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," in fact, are unusually graphic and ingenious portraits of two fellow-beings with opposite characteristics. Brand, the young Norwegian priest, is a Stoic with a will of iron. Peer, the Norwegian vagabond, is a wanton with a will of water. The distinguishing trait of Brand is self-assurance; he is positive that his mission in life is to serve God and save men's souls. The distinguishing trait of Peer is lack of self-assurance; he fancies that his mission in life consists in getting joy in some way or other by being emperor of himself. The manner in which Ibsen develops these two unique individualities to their final fates is certainly in a high degree dramatic and expositive. A comparison of one with the other will perhaps help us to understand each the more clearly.

Brand, in order to fulfil his supposed mission in life, translates all his thoughts and feelings into vehement, single-minded action. He would have wife, mother—everybody truckle to his senseless notion of duty. Brand's resolute, heroic temper at first inspires admiration in the breasts of his fellows. He is hailed as a sort of deliverer and prophet. But, after tolerating his stern, cruel concepts of duty a while, people turn from him. He is beaten and spurned by them as a kind of monster. He meets with a death in more than one sense striking. In a mountain pass, while trying to convert a crazy girl on a cliff above him to faith in God, he is buried under an avalanche.

Peer, on the other hand, would serve nobody but himself. He is disposed to frisk about the world, indulging in all sorts of vain fancies and shirking every kind of human duty and responsibility. Peer, like Brand, is at first everywhere regarded with admiration—in his native village, in the abode of the Trolls, on board the hospitable yacht, in the Arab encampment, and elsewhere. But wherever he turns up people soon discover what a half-hearted, light-headed, selfish, and irresponsible creature he is; and thenceforth they seek to exploit

and desert him as soon as possible. The way in which naïve and captivating but thoroughly practical Anitra, the Arab dancing-girl, dupes him and makes off with his valuables as soon as she perceives what a shiftless visionary he is, is perhaps an incident as humorous and ironic as any in the drama.

Roving, volatile Peer, however, has qualities more human and hopeful than any possessed by Brand. Stanch, flinty, sure of himself, Brand will not affiliate with humanity in a normal and wholesome manner. He holds himself aloof from men and tries to dominate them. Even when driven from society and face to face with death, he clings as inflexibly as ever to his abstract God and supposed imperative mission to serve Him. Peer, however, though a reckless, rollicking, fantastic vagrant, is yet altogether more fluid and impressionable. An outcast of society, and in the presence of death, Peer's faith in himself, so far as he has any, is thoroughly shaken. He at last comes to know that he does not know; and in this sorely bewildered state he chances upon Solvig, the sweetheart of his youth. In the arms of Solvig, who has always loved and idealized him, Peer is rescued from an untimely end and finds rejuvenation.

In bringing the drama, "Peer Gynt," to a close as he does, Ibsen shows deep knowledge of human nature and consummate skill in setting it forth. In responding to affectionate Solvig, Ibsen's symbol of "the eternal feminine," poor storm-tossed Peer at last finds the conventional sound and secure anchorage; or, rather, he at last finds the proverbial romantic other half of himself, from the warm and luxurious, steadying and exhilarating influence of which he has hitherto been separated. As the husband of amiable Solvig, and the father of her possible offspring, Peer will be led at last to assume normal and wholesome duties and responsibilities. These will induce him to labor earnestly with purpose; and in this sort of thing he is of course to realize himself and attain to some measure of that mundane happiness for which all of us in our several ways are ever faithfully yearning.

To set up a comparison between so extravagant a piece of

literature as Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" and such supreme dramatic creations as Shakespeare's "Hamlet," Goethe's "Tasso," and Molière's "Le Misanthrope" seems scarcely proper. But in more than one respect "Peer Gynt" is a masterpiece. It has a freshness and vitality, a verve and spontaneity, to be met with in few modern dramas. And as regards vividness of insight and sprightliness and versatility of imagination, it does not show up in an unfavorable light beside Edmund Rostand's modern drama, "Cyrano de Bergerac." The spirit and character of happy-go-lucky, good-for-nothing Peer, with his ultimate felicitous reform, and the spirit and character of chivalrous, magnanimous Cyrano, with his gloriously preposterous self-abnegation, assuredly bite into the mind in different ways so as to inform and amuse us.

WALTER LEIGHTON.

Harvard University.

THE WORK OF WIVES.

THE returns of the new census of the United States show that a very great majority of our women are engaged in a "not gainful" pursuit. In other words, they are married—working not for wages, but for love and such keep as a supposedly faithful husband pleases to give them.

As the census enumerator made his round he asked among other questions of the woman of the household, "Have you an occupation?" If she replied, "Yes,"—law, medicine, journalism, clerking, typewriting—any profession or trade, she was correspondingly accredited. If, however, to the question she replied, "Yes," and went on to explain that she keeps house for a husband and seven children, cooks, scrubs, washes, irons, and sews, the census enumerator heeded not the extent, importance, and manifold complexity of her industry but wrote her down in his note-book as "N. G." Thus her industry is recorded in the pages of the census, and thus would it appear, interpreting the abbreviation in the American language, that housewifery in the United States is "no good." Technically, however, the abbreviation is intended to describe the woman's occupation as "not gainful." Under this head, Director of the Census Merriam catalogues all women who perform household service without pay. In the same category also appear industrious convicts and idle millionaires.

The director of the preceding census sought to count the number of housewives in the United States and the number of other unpaid houseworkers. The enumeration was completed, but the returns were never tabulated. Director of the Census Merriam has made no attempt to distinguish women who work for nothing (under the sacred bond of matrimony) from men who do nothing, or from men and women who work in prison yards. The United States Census of 1900 will therefore bear ample evidence that all but about twelve

per cent. of the women of the country have not a gainful pursuit. With statistics thus defining the economic status of woman's labor performed under the terms of the marriage contract, the American woman is compelled to believe either that matrimony is not a sound business proposition, so far as she is concerned, or that there is a mistake in the logic that establishes the wife's occupation as a "not gainful pursuit."

The assumption is that the work a woman does for her husband without wages is not gainful for the reason that it is not pursued to the end of the money thus to be made. The whole matter is supposed to be disposed of in the understanding that love is the animating principle and all-satisfying return of the wife's work in the household. In a sense and under normal conditions, this is true, and still the lofty spirit of devotion in which a woman may cook, scrub, wash, and sew (keep house and do housework) does not dispel—it does not even sublimate—the economic relations of this work. Nor does love correct the errors arising from failure to appreciate the economic value of this work. On the contrary, failure to consider a housewife's wage in the science of household economy—failure to attach economic value to the labor performed by the wife for the family—is a source of confusion in problems pertaining to men's business gains and losses and of all the hardships, injustice, and the inequalities to which the paid labor of woman is subject; it is also the unsuspected source of much social evil. Here is the origin of a vast number of divorce cases that are set down in court records as attributable to secondary causes.

At a glance it would seem astonishing that the productive force of about one-half the industrial population of a country should be disposed of simply as "not gainful." It would seem that this power in industry must produce something worth counting, as values are measured in exchange—that so great a number of workers must make a definite contribution to the world's wealth. The chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics once discovered that wives who work in the

home are technically in industry, in spite of their not receiving wages; and this statistician has suggested that the unpaid labor of these workers is at least worth what it would cost to hire the same labor done. This theory affords a mere hint—not a measure—of the value of the housewife's labor, for the reason that the latter is involved with the pure labor of love,—the wife-labor, the mother-labor,—which, while not being measurable in money, does by its tax on a woman's energy affect her power of production.

But, if the sex function operate to confuse economic equations of the housewife's industry, still does this labor condition the first cost of every sort of production. The first cost of production is the cost of living, and the cost of living is largely determined by the force, skill, and application of the housewife. As she is extravagant or inefficient she increases the cost of production by increasing the cost of living, and so raising the price of labor. It has been estimated that the American people are poorer each year by \$1,000,000,000 because housewifely pursuits are not followed more economically. This includes waste incurred by extravagant expenditures of money—also waste of human energy attendant upon bad cooking and unsanitary housekeeping. If this estimate be even approximately correct, the "not gainful" pursuit of the housewife is thus seen to restrict materially the gain of men's pursuits.

The most intimate relation of the wife's unpaid labor to recognized industry is in its bearing upon domestic service. It is the great first cause of the servant problem. The lack of proper organization, the poor equipment, and the small pay of domestic laborers proceed from these workers engaging in a sphere of industry that lacks an economic measure of value. Of a "not gainful" pursuit—housewifery—paid domestics attempt to make a living. The economic hypothesis is that housework is done by a man's wife, who in return is given a living by the man. Thus the wage that is paid a domestic for the work the wife is understood to do without pay creates an outlay for which no standard apportionment

of expenses makes provision. I have never seen housework included in any scientific analysis of the cost of living; and thus—though this is an expense as unavoidable as rent, fuel, or light, not being established in the general mind as a fixed element of the cost of living—it becomes a sphere of work that is economically submerged. The industry that is economically submerged is from every point of view, with reference to every interest concerned, as hopeless as the individual who is socially submerged. Proportions make of the economically submerged even a greater problem than the socially submerged. The latter is but one-tenth of society; the former is approximately one-half the industrial population of the United States.

The submerged conditions of housewifery distort values in every equation into which woman's work enters. Since the occupation in which the great majority of women engage is understood to be not gainful,—to have no strict connection with business interests,—no account is kept of its profits and losses. It is operated under a rule of charity—love, not business principles. For this reason women are commonly allowed the established equivalent of their unpaid labor in the home—their keep—without reference to whether they do the work or not. Thus wives and daughters engage in industry outside the home without reference to the cost of their living. There instantly arise, then, the inequalities of men's and women's wages. Eighty-five per cent. of women who earn wages are supported entirely or in part by a husband, father, or brother. They are thereby enabled to work for less than it costs to live; they cut wages, and both men and women wholly dependent upon their labor for a livelihood suffer in consequence.

"Not gainful" pursuits of the sex, rather than the greed of capital, are the source of the error and confusion in the economic order attendant upon woman's entrance into fields of general industry. Not alone the wage problem so results. The physical break-down that women commonly realize in consequence of their attempt to do men's work proceeds

largely from the fact that, engaging in men's work, women still follow the "not gainful" pursuits of their sex, which are not recognized as having any industrial existence. Every woman able to work for less wages than a man, because she is being wholly or in part "supported," yields some measure of service in return for this support. This division of the woman's interests tends to produce a low order of production both in the home and in the industry that pays her wages; but, while industry in both domestic and business spheres thus suffers a little, the woman, mentally, morally, and physically, deteriorates to an alarming extent because of her impossible ambition to serve two masters—to compass at once two separate orders of industry—the household and business.

Again, no value attaching to the industrial pursuits of the wife, no business obligation of excellence in these pursuits, is imposed upon her. "Work that is not worth paying for is not worth doing." That is a maxim of industry which conjugal love is supposed to explode with reference to the unpaid labor of the wife in the household. That the maxim still holds good, however, even under the "sacred bonds of matrimony," is, I am convinced, negatively demonstrated by the growing instability of the marriage institution. The number of men who have secured divorces because their wives have neglected properly to secure the economy of the household, if referred to this undoubted cause of widespread failure of marriage, would doubtless not be greater than the number of women whose affections have been alienated from their husbands—divorce resulting in consequence of the industrial serfdom that marriage imposes on wives.

The wife has not the economic incentive to the right performance of her labor that competition provides; neither is she subject to any legal obligation in this matter. According to her temperament, circumstances, and ability, therefore, she is logically free to neglect the work devolving upon her in the domestic relation and to be an idle good-for-nothing, or else to find occupation outside the home that is gainful in a simple business sense. Whichever course she chooses, the

result in the home is practically the same. Household economy is left to take care of itself, and whether the wife earn money or not makes little difference to the husband, since on him the law fixes the responsibility of meeting the cost of living for the family. Separation of the business interests of the husband and wife inevitably ensues as the latter undertakes independent money-making ventures; and altogether—directly following from the fact that housewifery is held to be a “not gainful” pursuit—one way or another, men have abundant reason to despair of reconciling domestic economy with the economy of their business. And, in the discouragement they suffer from finding their best efforts inefficient to insure business order in the household, that men take to drink and what-not dissipation leading eventually to divorce, is in a sense reasonable, however far from right.

The effect of the situation upon the wife operates in two ways. It fails to satisfy her reason and sense of justice, causing her to rebel against her duty in the domestic relation; and it often fails to provide her with money according to the business necessities of the work she assumes to perform. Men give their wives what they think best for household expenses. The whole sphere of housewifery and the wife's personal necessities being submerged, how far this amount of money meets the actual requirements of the wife the husband has no clear means of knowing; and with a limited income there follows eventually friction over the matter of domestic expenditures. The contention thus arising is hopeless, because all men and many women have the notion that a certain virtue of wives makes it possible for a really good, true wife to take two from two and have four remain in regulating the business of the household. Thus, because their actual need of money is not measured by economic standards—also because of the injury the situation is to their pride, as education fosters ability and a spirit of independence in women—wives are more and more disposed to seek in some form of wage-earning a personal income and the assurance their pride wants that the work they do in the world is worth while, according

to the world's way of reckoning values. In a majority of instances, doubtless, it is not that a wife wants more money or less money where money is the root of the evil whence marital unhappiness proceeds. It is that she wants a recognized right to what she has, be it more or less. And she wants this right because it is due her economic importance in the interests of all industry. Her contention with her husband is not for an "allowance," great or small, but for the declaration of a principle that shall reclaim the wife's work for the family from the evils of the economically submerged.

I am not unmindful of how the sex function of the wife operates eternally to confuse economic calculations of her industry, constantly, yet without rule or reckoning, withdrawing her energy and her production into an order of values not measurable by dollars and cents. But I am convinced that to attach the dollar sign to this unpaid labor of wives would have the effect of so elevating it from its present submerged status that much good would result to society as well as much gain to the wealth of the nation. To this end, therefore, why should not the law define a wife's wage as definitely as it has defined a wife's dower right? The widow, who gets no more than the property this right gives her in her husband's estate, may not get all to which she is in equity entitled. But she gets justice, and thus does intelligence expressed in the law establishing this right protect the individual woman against the utter injustice the individual husband by will and testament might do her. So, if the law defined a percentage of a man's income as the wife's wage in recognition of the service she accords him in the family, justice in this matter would acquire a measure by which intelligence could then proceed to make all necessary terms insuring order and progression of the social good involved. Thus the wife's right to the worth of the work she performs under the bond of matrimony would be created, and there would then exist economic cause compelling business accountability in the performance of this labor, which, besides tending to improve the marriage rela-

tion, would, I think, tend also to improve both the labor and the character of women. In spite of education, in spite of all accidental industrial gains, women must retain more or less the character of slaves so long as, working in the family, they work on the terms of slaves, their labor not deemed worthy of its hire in any economic sense.

FLORA McDONALD THOMPSON.

Washington, D. C.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY MORTIMER P. STUART.

The light shone brightly through the windows of a huge apartment hotel, one of those buildings which contain people enough to populate a small city—buildings peculiar to New York, which have grown up in the last ten years and are not to be found in any other city of the world. However, it is not with the hotel that this story has to deal, but with an occupant of one of the rooms, removed many stories from the ground. If one could have looked in on that particular night, he would have seen a man with head bent in hands, motionless and alone. Yet he was *not* alone, for crowding in upon him were the years of his own life—a long array of experiences through which he had passed.

So immovable was he that to an onlooker he might have appeared to be asleep. It would have been somewhat difficult to have formed any surmise as to whether he were young or old. The crouching position might have indicated age, and if one had looked closely one might have noticed an occasional gray hair. He had been sitting there for hours like one in a trance, when he rose suddenly and, going to the window, threw it up and looked out. The chill blast of winter struck him and the man shivered—possibly from the cold, yet it might have been from his thoughts. He was thinking, thinking, as he looked out over the many roofs in the distance or gazed at the bright stars beyond.

While looking out he soliloquized: "Yes, I *could* end it right now; and after all, would it not be the best thing?" His eyes glanced downward; the distance to the earth seemed a long way, and he shivered again. "But it would all be over in a minute. Yes, yes; it would be best." And a determined

look came into his eyes as if he had decided on some immediate course of action. The features of the face grew more and more strained; his soliloquizing died into a murmur, and his lips moved as if in prayer.

All at once the bells from many steeples pealed forth in chorus, and the chimes of a distant church were heard. A change came over the man's face; he closed the window and sat down in the chair again, with his head in his hands—this time not motionless, however, for his body heaved and shook: he was crying as he had not cried for many a long year.

Meanwhile the bells continued to ring out their joyous peal of welcome to the new-born year, intensifying each moment the man's emotion. Like a flash they had carried Alfred Manning back twenty years to a little western city, where, on just such a night as this at the close of the year, the bells had rung out merrily on the winter air; but they had meant far more to Manning than the closing hours of an old year, for he had just wedded the most beautiful girl in that far-away western town. As boy and girl they had grown up together, and twenty years ago this night both had been radiantly happy in each other's love. No shadow seemed to lie across their path in life; everything was auspicious, for Manning had been offered and had accepted a place in his uncle's brokerage house in New York, and this very night they were to leave for Washington for two weeks, then for New York, where bright business prospects were awaiting the happy man. His young wife, Margaret Leighton, was not only the most beautiful girl but was also the best beloved of any in her town. Into many a home where sickness or hunger had found its way Margaret had carried sunshine and health. The few short years of her life had been filled with a thoughtful kindness that was ever shaping itself into good deeds; and so all argued well for the wedded life of these two, and the good wishes of the young and the blessings of the old went out to both on this night twenty years ago.

A year elapsed and they were settled in New York, living in a little home of their own, in what was considered far up-

town in those days but is now a very central part of the city. If one could have looked in upon them, on their anniversary night, one would have seen evidences, not only that the happiness had remained, but that the property, too, had increased; for the house was richly furnished.

Four years later there is a finer house and richer furniture, and again the old year is passing away and the bells are beginning to ring out their welcome to the new. A woman, anxious and sad, sits alone awaiting a familiar step. It is the same beautiful face of former years, but the tense lines of the mouth have added fully five years to Margaret Manning's appearance. Just as the bells are ringing the door opens, and her husband comes into the room, but he is evidently not the Alfred Manning of five years ago. The pleasant, light-hearted young man has changed, and there is something almost repellent in his look. As his eyes rest on his wife, a look of surprise, a tinge of something like anger, comes into his face. His words are almost cruel, as he asks her why she had not retired hours before.

"Alfred"—there was a pathetic appeal in her eyes—"Alfred, you know, do you not, dear, what night this is?" She hesitates shyly a moment and then adds, softly, "It was just five years ago to-night."

"Yes," he says, "I know; but it seems a great waste of time for you to be sitting up here alone, waiting for me, when you might have been fast asleep hours ago. The fact is, Margaret, my life is too busy now to waste it in matters of sentiment. Some time when I am worth a million I can devote my time to you, and to many things, other than business, that I want to do; but business first, you know, and pleasure afterward. I had to be up these last few nights in working out a scheme to acquire, with some of my business friends, the control of the O. & B. Railroad. To-night we have completed all our plans, and in another week we will be masters of the situation. This will mean thousands and thousands of dollars to me, but my goal is a million. Nothing short of that will ever satisfy me in this world."

"Oh, Alfred," his wife said, sadly, "in your chase after the phantom million, do not lose the present realities of life. One far wiser than either of us has said that thieves break through and steal—that moth and rust may corrupt—the riches of this world; but there is another kind of riches, which none can take from us—the happiness of our present life, the good we can do for others."

Manning waited impatiently till his wife had finished, and then said: "I am tired of all this preaching. Neither you nor any one else can turn me from my project. I want a million dollars, and I shall have a million. I want it for the power it will give me, and for the satisfaction that will come to me, because of my having made it all myself."

The bells that had heralded the New Year had scarcely ceased their ringing before Manning had forgotten his cares and ambitions in the sleep of sheer fatigue, but the morning had dawned before Margaret closed her eyes in sleep.

Ten years more passed away, and another year is closing. Many changes have occurred in Manning's life, and he is now rated as a millionaire and is known as one of New York's most successful men. The hard lines of care and anxiety have deepened in his face; seldom if ever a smile lightens his countenance. In his quest for wealth he has apparently shut off every avenue that would tend to bring him into a larger life. Being completely absorbed in the art of accumulation, he has lost all power of enjoyment which those have who are interested in many things. If the mere acquisition of wealth constitutes success, then he was a successful man; but if success is measured by a higher standard, such as kindness of heart, breadth of mind, and good deeds, Manning was not successful.

Year by year he had grown harder in his judgments and condemnations of other men. In his mind every man was trying to get the better of every other man. In other words, he had become the embodiment of what he thought he saw in others, so that he had few friends in the world: men feared him, but none loved him.

On this New Year's morn a serious disagreement had taken place between him and his wife, Margaret. During these hard years they had steadily grown farther and farther apart, until at last they did not seem to have a single thought in common. Year by year Margaret had become more and more absorbed in aiding and uplifting the many she found in need. But in doing this she had received no sympathy or assistance from her husband; even the money she used had come to her through a relative who had left her quite a fortune.

At first she had pleaded with her husband, using all the arguments she could bring to bear, to show him that the course he had taken in life was a mistaken one; that it deprived them both of happiness, and that his stock-gambling manipulations were ruining hundreds in order to advance his own selfish ends. But it was all of no avail, and the disagreement that came this New Year's morning was over an old friend of Margaret's, a friend in fact who had cared as ardently for her, wooed her as persistently, as Alfred Manning had years ago—for they seemed long years to Margaret.

This friend had come to New York, engaged in buying and selling stocks. In his business transactions he had defeated Manning a number of times in his effort to carry out certain deals, but matters had now reached a point where the advantage was all on Manning's side. The two had been rivals from boyhood up, and now that Margaret's husband learned that the man was at his mercy he deliberately set to work to crush him.

Believing that a certain stock was about to fall in value, the man had sold it "short," Manning at the same time buying it in rapidly. Then the price began to soar.

When Margaret had learned that New Year's morning that her husband had refused all offers of settlement made by their former friend, her indignation was kindled against him. She had remonstrated with him, begging him not to ruin the man and pointing out the fact that he had a wife and children, and that if he were ruined now he might not have the courage to try to regain his fortunes. But she could not move him; the more

she begged and pleaded the more determined he seemed to be to carry out his purpose.

Finally a defiant look came into Margaret's eyes, and drawing herself up she said, sternly:

"Alfred Manning, when I married you I supposed I was marrying a man—a man with a heart and conscience; a man who loved me, as I loved him; a man who would not sell his soul for gold. Little by little I have found, to my sorrow, that the reverse of this is true; and this last thing that has come is too much. All three of us were brought up as children together. We went to the same school, and were *friends*; and now you would ruin this man, and his family who are dependent upon him, without one grain of pity or remorse! I have lived this life long enough to find out that my husband is an utterly heartless being, and I shall live it no more!"

Manning stood staring at his wife in astonishment; but, as she finished, a cold, cynical expression settled in his eyes, and he retorted:

"Very well, do as you please; but before the Stock Market closes to-morrow night that man will not be worth one dollar to his name."

In the evening papers next day there was a report of a failure in the Street. The failure was followed by attempted suicide—a ruined broker had shot himself.

That same night a train speeding to the Far West was carrying Margaret Manning back to the home of her childhood. By the following afternoon she was under the roof where she was born, weary of heart, and without hope or even desire to live. Weeks of sickness followed; and not until spring came and the perfume of the apple-blossoms was wafted into her room, and she could hear the joyous love-songs of the birds as they flitted through the trees, did she begin to revive. Then little by little health came back once more. Yet no word of any kind had passed between herself and her husband, and no news was brought to her.

In this way years slipped by, she living her solitary life in the little western town and seeming to the people about her

a veritable saint on earth. Her sad, sweet face grew more beautiful as the years passed, and, if blessings and good wishes could have made life happy, surely hers should have been so. But there was a longing in her heart and she was not satisfied.

All this time Manning had gone on increasing in wealth and power. In one of his large transactions he made the discovery that a concerted move was being made by a number of brokers, having for its object his financial ruin. It was conducted by one of the most wily and unscrupulous of men, one who was said to be worth millions but who was utterly devoid of heart and principle. Graham Vance, for this was the name of the man, had brought wreck and ruin into the lives of thousands of people through his unscrupulous dealings—a man far more detested than even Manning, and one who had carried his disreputable transactions so far that even a United States government investigation of his manipulations had been demanded on the floor of Congress.

Manning's knowledge of the move set on foot against him made it possible for him to counteract it in such a way that he succeeded in causing his opponents a large loss. In doing this, however, he made for himself an enemy who swore he would get more than even with him. Vance, besides being a speculator, was also the president of a great steel and iron company, the stock of which ran up to many millions of dollars. Manning had looked into the business and had found that the profits of the concern were increasing daily, while the manufactured product was rapidly rising in price. After what seemed to be the most thorough investigation he began buying the stock heavily, day by day increasing his purchases—always at an advancing price. This he did in conjunction with certain others, hoping to acquire a controlling interest that would put him in position to oust Vance and elect officers and directors to his own liking.

When Vance made the discovery that the largest purchaser of his company's stock was Manning, he laid his plans accordingly. During the years that Manning had been on the Street he had made many enemies, and Vance was not slow to take

advantage of the fact. He found out the other stocks that his rival was interested in, and then planned a thoroughly concerted move against him. Throughout the whole affair Manning had little idea of what was going on. To him everything seemed to be favorable. There was not a ripple on the surface; he could count his profits by hundreds of thousands.

The first trouble came when the Q. & B. stock, of which he had bought heavily, dropped ten points in a single hour. There were all kinds of rumors afloat. Another stock that he had been "bearing" took a sudden rise. So one thing after another went wrong, but the steel stock was still climbing upward, and Manning continued to buy, hoping to make good the loss that had come to him in other directions.

One never-to-be-forgotten day on the Stock Exchange a panic was precipitated out of what seemed to be a clear sky. Vance had shut down the steel company's mills in various sections of the country and caused it to be rumored that the company was on the verge of bankruptcy. The commotion created was intense: from every quarter came orders to sell, and stocks of all kinds were thrown on the market to bring what they might. Prices tumbled five points at a time. Manning began an effort to unload his stocks, but the price changed so quickly that it was with difficulty he could sell at all. Occasionally during the day there would come some slight rally, only to be followed by a still greater break. Manning saw his fortune melting away by tens of thousands.

Every effort he could make to stem the tide was of no avail, and when the Stock Market closed on the afternoon of the thirty-first of December Manning was apparently a ruined man. It was on this night that we found him sitting alone in his apartment.

On returning to the hotel he had sat down and tried to eat dinner, but he could not swallow his food; and so, going to his room, Manning had turned the key and dropped into a chair, his strength having completely left him. If one could have read his thoughts this is what he would have seen—"Twenty years of struggle for power and money, and now in a

day all gone! Love and the affections of a true wife offered upon the altar of Mammon; money, friends, happiness—all gone; no life, no hope, nothing left but ruin and despair. Of what use to live? Life can offer me nothing. Why not end it all?"

With this thought in mind he had thrown the window open; and then came the ringing of the bells and his thoughts flew back to the night twenty years before, when the bells had seemed to share his joy and proclaim it to all the world. When he shut the window and sat down again every muscle in his body was quivering and every faculty of his mind was alive. He could see the whole past as he had never seen it before; the panorama of his life had been unfolded almost in the twinkling of an eye, and the past rose up in judgment against him. It was more than he could bear, and his whole body seemed rent by his sobs.

"What shall it profit—" you could hear him mutter to himself; "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" He repeated over and over again, "And lose his own soul." "Oh, Margaret!" he cried, "if I had only realized—if I had only known that you were right! But I *did* know—there was something that told me you were right. I have only myself to blame. I can lay no accusation against any one else. The thieves have broken through and the moth hath corrupted: the real riches of life are not mine."

At times he would talk aloud, and then he would rise and with bent head pace the floor in silent agony. As morning was dawning he rose and, going over to the window, stood looking out over the city. He had grown older from the awful agony of the night, but the lines of his face were not so tightly drawn, and in his eyes there was a look almost akin to hope—it was the dawning of a new life. With the coming of the morning had come new determinations, new ideals. He stood there breathing in the cold air with a sense of satisfaction; a few minutes later he closed the window, and retiring to his bed he slept soundly for hours.

When the Stock Market opened on the second of January

a strong interest had succeeded in bringing about a rally; the values advanced, and when Manning at last succeeded in making his settlements he was still a comparatively rich man, although no longer a millionaire. He continued to buy and sell stocks, but his associates noticed a marked change in him. He had become kindlier of heart and more friendly. The old grasping spirit had passed away and the people who had formerly disliked him and even some of those who hated him were surprised to feel a growing friendship for him. He had been so long on the Stock Exchange that he had become a regular feature of it and no one thought of such a thing as Manning's dropping out, so that it was with surprise that his business acquaintances learned that his seat had been sold. He was quitting the business, as he announced to the brokers, never to return to it. His retirement from the Exchange was the talk of the day, but in one week he was almost as forgotten as if he had never operated on the Street at all.

One lovely May morning, when the apple-trees were in bloom and the music of the birds filled the air, Margaret was out in the orchard breathing in the breath of spring. Sitting there under a great branching tree, she looked very beautiful, the light that shone in her face being the reflection of a far greater beauty that dwelt in her soul. She had not had a single line from Alfred, although in the five years they had been separated she had written him twice. While she sat there musing, she heard the whistle of the fast mail from the East and could see in the distance the train coming nearer and nearer to the little station that was plainly discernible through the trees, less than a quarter of a mile away; but her thoughts were elsewhere, and soon she was living completely in the past. The first year of her married life came vividly before her, and she lived again in the happiness of that wonderful year before the greed of gain had entered the mind of her husband. How she longed for that old life back again with all its brightness and joy!

So absorbed was she in her thoughts that she was not aware of the approach of a man, who was just about to enter the house, when, happening to glance in her direction, he walked

hesitatingly toward her. For a moment he stood a few feet away gazing at the beautiful face in silence, hoping that she would look at him; but when he could bear the strain no longer one word escaped from his lips—"Margaret."

With a start the woman jumped to her feet, and, as their eyes met, each read in the other's the old love that had been theirs as boy and girl. All the years, unconscious to themselves, their love like a flower in the bud had been steadily growing and now in an instant of time had blossomed out in all its fulness and glory. Both had been purified by the experience through which they had passed, and the lives that had been separated for a time were brought together by a love that knows no ending. Henceforth the riches that thieves can break through and steal—that moth and rust can corrupt—can play no part in either life. The eternal riches that come through the experiences of life are theirs, and so we will leave them in their new-found wealth.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

A PROBLEM FOR TRUE STATESMANSHIP.

I. A SUPREME DUTY CONFRONTING THE STATE.

Among the true functions of government are the securing of justice to all the people, the diffusion of useful knowledge, the promotion so far as possible of the well-being and happiness of every citizen, and the fostering and maintenance of self-respecting manhood. This last object is of far greater importance in a republic than in any other form of government; for upon the intelligence and moral rectitude of the voters depend the healthy progress and the stability of the State. Everything that tends to discourage the legitimate and rightful aspirations of the individual, or to break his high spirit and to weaken his confidence in his ability to earn an independent livelihood—everything that takes from the citizen hope, courage, or faith in himself—is an injury to the State.

These self-evident facts have been little appreciated by our statesmen in the past, but signs are not wanting which indicate that the day is at hand when their importance will be forced upon the serious consideration of all thoughtful friends of progressive democracy. Gerald Massey utters a timely and impressive warning to our people no less than to his own countrymen when he says:

"Humanity is one. The Eternal intends to show us that humanity is one. And the family is more than the individual member, the nation is more than the family, and the human race is more than the nation. And if we do not accept the revelation lovingly, do not take to the fact kindly, why then 'tis flashed upon us terribly, by lightning of hell, if we will not have it by light of heaven—and the poor, neglected scum and *canaille* of the nations rise up mighty in the strength of disease, and prove the oneness of humanity by killing you with the same infection.

"It has recently been shown how the poor of London do not live, but fester in the pestilential hovels called their homes. To get into these you have to visit courts which the sun never penetrates, which are never

visited by a breath of fresh air, and which never know the virtues of a drop of cleansing water. Immorality is but the natural outcome of such a devil's spawning-ground. The poverty of many who strive to live honestly is appalling."

No fact in modern commercial history is more obvious than that periods of depression and widespread want inevitably follow eras of expansion and inflation. A few years of poor crops, some great public calamity, or a miscalculation on the part of rival capitalistic combinations, such as would afford an opportunity for the "bears" in the great gambling centers to create a panic, and the evil day will be upon us. It may be deferred for a few years, or it may overtake us in the near future; but sooner or later, judging from all past history, the years of plenty will be succeeded by a period of hard times. It is always during these eras of depression that the Dead Sea of want rapidly enlarges its borders. Then it is that thousands, and sometimes tens of thousands, who are dwelling on the narrow margin that divides independent, self-respecting manhood from despairing and hopeless want, are swept into the social cellar through no fault of their own; and the loss of these citizens from the ranks of productive industry is a positive calamity to a free government.

To prepare to meet the evil day by prompt measures that will maintain self-respecting manhood and ultimately vastly increase the national wealth, and also to provide means whereby the denizens of the social cellar may be given opportunities to regain what they have lost and strengthen the forces of civilization instead of retarding the wheels of progress, are pressing problems worthy of the most profound consideration of our foremost statesmen. To-day we can prepare for the hour when the unemployed thousands will clamor for work; whereas, if we drift listlessly on, the time of peril will come upon us as it came early in the nineties, finding State and nation entirely unprepared to cope with it in a manner worthy of the brain and heart of present-day civilization.

History is usually helpful with its suggestions, even when we are in the presence of new problems and issues that demand more enlightened treatment than has been accorded in the past; and though few have been the intelligent and sympathetic attempts made by government officials and those in authority to transform the beggar and the tramp into self-respecting citizens, there are, happily, signal instances where the heart and brain have labored with most encouraging results to abate

an evil that debases the individual and menaces the State. Two notable examples, one in ancient times and the other of comparatively recent date, will serve to illustrate the entire practicability of well-directed efforts aimed at overcoming uninvited poverty and exalting the State by rescuing and helping to independence those who have fallen under the wheel.

II. HOW PISISTRATUS ABOLISHED POVERTY IN ATHENS.

When the Grecian statesman, Pisistratus, came into authority, he found the streets of Athens thronged with beggars clamoring for bread. On being asked why they were not at work, they replied that they could find no employment. The statesman rightly concluded that one of the greatest dangers that could threaten a State lay in a large and growing class of wretched, degraded, and suffering poor, and he at once sought a remedy to meet the exigencies that confronted him.

Beyond the limits of Athens was ample land which only awaited the hand of careful industry in order to yield bountiful harvests of real wealth for the toilers and sustenance for the community. This land Pisistratus had at once parceled into lots sufficiently large for one man, or a family, as the case might be, properly to cultivate. The beggars were then assigned portions of the land and were supplied with seeds to plant and tools and animals necessary for the cultivation of the soil. After this was done and every one had been given an opportunity to earn an honest livelihood, the ruler promulgated a decree prohibiting able-bodied persons from begging, and attaching a severe penalty for disregarding the mandate. The wholesome results of the measure were soon evident. The erstwhile beggars became thrifty, independent citizens, who greatly increased the national wealth. Indeed, so marked was the transformation that all members of society felt the benefits, and the rule of the statesman was long known as the golden age of Pisistratus.

III. COUNT RUMFORD'S VICTORY FOR CIVILIZATION.

In modern times a still more striking and suggestive experiment resulted in a splendid success, with material that was anything but promising. The philanthropist whose wise and eminently practical work entitles his memory to the lasting honor and love of all friends of humanity was an American

by birth, Benjamin Thompson by name, though better known to history under the title of Count Rumford, later bestowed upon him by the King of England. At the breaking out of the revolutionary war Mr. Thompson sided with the Loyalists and was proscribed. Later he went to England, where he was employed in an important position in the Colonial Office until the close of the war. For some time prior to leaving America he had devoted much time to studies in physical science, and in London he took a leading place among the savants of Great Britain, becoming a pioneer advocate of the vibratory theory of heat and contributing materially to the general interest in physical science, which at that time was girding itself for the greatest onward march in the history of civilization. In 1782 he was knighted by the King of England as Benjamin Thompson, Count of Rumford. He was also elected a fellow of the Royal Society of England. Later when in Munich the reigning Duke of Bavaria, attracted by his superior executive ability, employed him to direct some important military affairs and introduce a new system of order among the soldiers. These services were so successfully performed that the monarch appealed to him to aid in devising a practical plan for ridding Munich of its great army of professional beggars, who at that time swarmed the streets and whose numbers reached up into the thousands, most of whom, it was said, "had been used to living in the most miserable hovels, in the midst of vermin and every kind of filthiness, or to sleep in the streets and under the hedges, half naked and exposed to all the inclemencies of the seasons. Not only were the greater number unacquainted with all kinds of work—having been bred up from infancy in the profession of begging—but they had the most insuperable aversion to honest labor, and had been so long familiarized with every crime that they had become perfectly callous to all sense of shame and remorse."

Count Rumford gave the subject his earnest consideration and accepted the serious trust. He immediately set about fitting up great industrial workshops and factories, where men, women, and children could be given immediate employment in simple and useful manufactures and where they could be taught weaving and other important crafts under skilful instructors. These industrial shops were provided with ample accommodations for lodging and feeding the poor, under conditions calculated to promote comfort and contentment.

When all preliminary work was finished, Count Rumford

set January 1, 1790, as the day of the inauguration of his campaign against mendicancy in Munich. The civil and military bodies coöperated with him, and when all was ready the chief magistrate of the city and the Count started down the street. Almost immediately they were importuned for alms. Gently laying his hand on the shoulder of the beggar Count Rumford arrested the man, informing him that henceforth no begging would be permitted in Munich, but that if he needed assistance his wants should be provided for. This was the signal for inaugurating the movement, and in a few hours not a beggar could be found in the streets of the city. Those apprehended were taken to the town-hall and after having their names and addresses registered they were instructed to apply at the industrial shops on the following day, where they would find warm, comfortable rooms, plenty of food, and work for all in a condition to labor.

In the city of Munich, with a population at that time not exceeding 60,000, more than 2,500 sought and found an asylum in these great industrial shops within a week. At first there was necessarily some confusion, and we may readily imagine that discontented ones were not wanting; but the management united firmness with great kindness and patience, ever keeping in view the double purpose of the Count—the reclamation of the individual and the best interests of the State.

Of the result Count Rumford in his autobiography, written years after the experiment had become a splendid success, observes:

"The awkwardness of these poor creatures when first taken from the streets as beggars and put to work may easily be conceived; but the facility with which they acquired address in the various manufactures in which they were employed was very remarkable and much exceeded all expectation.

"But what was quite surprising and at the same time interesting in the highest degree was the apparent and rapid change produced in their manners, in their general behavior, and even in the very air of their countenances upon being a little accustomed to their new situation.

"The kind usage they met with and the comforts they enjoyed seemed to have softened their hearts and awakened in them sentiments as new and surprising to themselves as they were interesting to those about them.

"The melancholy gloom of misery and the air of uneasiness and embarrassment disappeared by degrees from their countenances, and were succeeded by a timid dawn of cheerfulness rendered most exquisitely interesting by a certain mixture of silent gratitude which no language can describe.

"The spinning halls by degrees were filled with the most interesting little groups of industrious families, who vied with each other in diligence and address, and who displayed a scene at once the most busy and the most cheerful that can be imagined.

"Whether it was that those who saw them compared their present situation with the state of misery and wretchedness from which they had been taken, or whether it was the joy and exultation which were expressed in the countenances of the poor parents in contemplating their children all busily employed about them, I know not, but certain it is that few strangers who visited the establishment came out of these halls without being affected."

Those in whom the finer sentiments of life have given place to heartless cynicism, and whose moral natures seem to be atrophied, are wont to sneer at any attempt to reform the morals of persons who have long dwelt in the social cellar. Yet Count Rumford's experience flatly contradicts their pessimistic assertions and assumptions. On this point, and with the positive success of his experiment in the full view of the world, he thus wrote concerning the moral uplift experienced by the beneficiaries of his work:

"In this I succeeded. For the proof of this fact I appeal to the flourishing state of the different manufactories in which these poor people are now employed; to their orderly and peaceable demeanor; to their cheerfulness; to their industry; to their desire to excel, which manifests itself among them on all occasions; and to the very air of their countenances.

"Strangers who go to this institution (and there are very few who pass through Munich who do not take that trouble) cannot sufficiently express their surprise at the air of happiness and contentment which reigns throughout every part of this extensive establishment; and can hardly be persuaded that, among those they see so cheerily engaged in that interesting scene of industry, by far the greater part were, five years ago, the most miserable and most worthless of beings—common beggars on the street."

Under the Count's experiment each person was remunerated for his labor, while all who excelled were praised and encouraged in various ways for the proficiency shown in their work. They were treated as self-respecting men and women, and the divine in their souls rose to meet the expectations of their new-found benefactor. The love and gratitude which these poor people felt for the Count were touchingly expressed on many occasions. Once, when it was reported that he was dying, hundreds of these people filed forth *en masse* and journeyed to the cathedral church to offer prayers for

this Protestant, of a different nationality and tongue, who had proved their savior. The moral victory won, which was of inestimable value to society, was supplemented by a large monetary return which the municipality enjoyed from the experiment, as we are informed that "notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which it labored in its infant state, the net profit arising from it during the first six years of its existence amounted to above one hundred thousand florins, after the expenses of every kind, salaries, wages, repairs, etc., had been deducted; and, in consequence of the augmentation of the demand for clothing for the troops, business increased so much that the amount of the orders received and executed in one year did not fall much short of half a million of florins."

These examples afford helpful hints from well-authenticated history, which clearly prove what may be done. With us there are boundless resources, and with firm, wise, and above all loving guidance a well-conducted program of progress might easily be inaugurated that would obliterate uninvited poverty and reduce all want to a minimum; while the State and civilization would gain immensely through ennobled manhood and the enormous increase of wealth products that would flow from giving direction to the now nerveless hand of poverty.

* * *

THE AUTOMOBILE AS THE SERVANT OF CIVILIZATION.

I. THE IMPOSSIBLE OF YESTERDAY A REALITY TO-DAY.

It would seem that in the sphere of mechanical invention the most abstruse and difficult problems are susceptible of solution when once the inventive genius of the age is concentrated upon the obstacles to be overcome. True, the problem of aerial navigation is as yet an exception to the rule; yet who shall say that there is not to-day stirring in the restless brain of some genius the key to the mystery, which when once found will lead to practical success and ultimately to the general employment of aerial machines for many useful purposes?

The most signal triumph of inventive skill during the last decade, along the pathway across which conservative wise-acres had raised the barriers of impossibility, is found in the

phenomenal success and rapid introduction of self-propelling vehicles that are not dependent upon tracks. When a few years ago the automobile enthusiast ventured to predict the approach of the horseless age, he was met on every side by the smile of incredulity, but to-day we accept the term as a probability if not a certainty when applied to the very near future.

About twelve years ago, as nearly as I can recollect, there appeared in one of our leading daily journals a long and exceptionally able editorial, in which the writer sought to prove the impossibility of self-propelling vehicles being made practicable for the general purposes for which horses have for generations been employed. The writer advanced a number of reasons for his conclusions. The futile attempts of the past were dwelt upon at some length. It was urged that in the nature of the case the employment of steam vehicles with gasoline or oil for fuel would be attended by such frightful accidents and casualties, through carelessness and ignorance, that the public would place the stamp of disapproval if not of prohibition on the innovation; while in the judgment of the writer electricity was impracticable, owing to reasons that he held were obvious to all thoughtful people. Moreover, such vehicles, he contended, would always be uncertain in action and apt to get out of order at the most inopportune moments, while their great weight would make them unwieldy and would serve to bar them from use on soft, yielding, or muddy ground. Thus their employment for horse power in agricultural labors was clearly out of the question; and finally, except in cities and their suburbs, and on the few pikes leading from places of importance, the roads for generations to come would not be good enough to admit of their general employment, and it was very doubtful whether they could ever be made practical for steep grades or for use in rainy or snowy weather. The editorial was plausible and convincing. Its weakness was not so much in its logic as in the assumption on which the reasoning was based and in underestimating the power and capacity of inventive genius when once centered upon a problem that offers even the possibility of solution. To-day in calling to mind that labored essay I am reminded of the great English savant who had just completed the delivery of a masterly and convincing argument before a body of British scholars, in which he had proved to the satisfaction of most of the assembly the impossibility of utilizing steam for trans-Atlantic

vessels, when the congregated sages learned to their amazement that the theoretically impossible feat had actually been accomplished.

II. EARLY VICTORIES OF THE AUTOMOBILE.

To-day the most casual survey of the field will conclusively show that even in the infancy of the new innovation the problems that were long regarded as beyond solution have been either successfully met or so largely solved that their complete mastery at an early date is clearly indicated. How surely the impossible of yesterday has melted as morning mist before the clear light of inventive genius and untiring industry is evident when we call to mind a few recent achievements as they relate to automobiles.

The practical value of self-propelling machines and their adaptability for personal conveyance or passenger traffic over good roads were proved in continental Europe some years ago; and the numerous improvements and alterations that have attended the manufacture of automobiles during recent years have led to the general introduction of self-propelling vehicles in many places. But their value for freight service, over rough roads and up-grades, and their practicability for passenger traffic over indifferent roads and in inclement weather have been strenuously denied, while the probability of their general introduction as motor power in agricultural labor has been scouted even by many who were inclined to believe that for general road service they might be made practicable. Yet in all these respects the triumph of the self-propelling machine has been so marked during the last two or three years that no one who has followed the evolution of the steamboat, the steam railway engine, or agricultural machinery can doubt that a few years will witness such improvements in the manufacture of various automobile machines that their general introduction for agricultural purposes, as well as for freight and passenger service, will be inevitable. A few illustrations bearing on this important fact will be interesting, while proving the reasonableness of this claim.

III. THE SUCCESS OF THE AUTOMOBILE IN PASSENGER AND FREIGHT TRAFFIC.

The question as to whether automobile machines could be made practicable for heavy teaming, *i. e.*, whether they could

be made to meet the severe requirements of freight or truck work, hitherto carried on by the strongest horses, was squarely met in the exacting tests carried on in Liverpool some time ago, when self-propelling trucks, heavily laden, passed swiftly over rough thoroughfares and up steep inclines with an ease that surprised champions and doubters alike. Since then numerous successful experiments and no small amount of practical work have further emphasized the value of these vehicles for heavy teaming, while the improvements constantly being made are rapidly overcoming the weak points exhibited by earlier machines.

It was long persistently claimed that the difficulties presented by bad roads, steep grades, rain, snow, and stormy weather would prove insurmountable obstacles to the general employment of steam or electric vehicles, especially for all-around service and long trips; yet these difficulties are being more and more overcome, and the increasing number of highly successful experiments seem to show that with a little more experience and some additional improvements the new carriages, vans, and wagons will satisfactorily fulfil the most severe demands of traffic.

Perhaps the most interesting and remarkable instance illustrating the potential success of the ordinary automobile for buggy service, under a combination of the most serious difficulties, is found in the notable trip made by H. W. Edgerton from John-o'-Groats to Land's End, a distance of 880 miles, over all kinds of roads, during the inclement month of December. The greater portion of the time Mr. Edgerton encountered heavy gales and storms; yet, although his vehicle was only a stock runabout, he successfully made the journey without any repairs to boiler or engine, and on reaching his destination the vehicle was found to be in excellent condition. The fact that the feat was achieved a year ago by an ordinary machine leaves little room for doubt that in the near future the automobile will easily meet every demand that buggy or carriage service calls for, especially when we remember that throughout America and Europe many of the brightest inventive geniuses, backed by unlimited capital, are busily at work on the various unsolved problems connected with the question.

A number of improved tourist vehicles are constantly appealing to the public. One of the latest and most attractive—an eight horse-power gasoline carriage described in a late issue

of the *Electrical World*—will maintain a speed of twenty-five miles an hour on level roads and is "good for any hill on the low gear." "Enough gasoline, lubricating oil, and cooling water are carried on board for a run of 150 miles under ordinary conditions." The vehicle carries four persons and weighs when the tank is full about 1,700 pounds.

Another improved vehicle for travel that will probably shortly become very popular for tourists is a new motor-cycle, manufactured in Springfield, Mass. This machine when equipped and ready for use does not weigh above 75 pounds. It carries a gasoline motor of one and three-fourths horsepower. It proved a remarkable hill climber on a recent trial at Springfield, where one of the steepest hills in the city was ascended at the rate of eight miles an hour, though the surface of the ground was loose, making it, of course, much more difficult to climb than it would have been had the ground been hard. This cycle recently carried a man weighing 235 pounds ninety miles over very rough roads in one day.

Self-propelling vehicles are as yet only in their infancy, and improvement is the word of the hour. In the manufacture of these machines, from the motor-cycle to the steam and electric automobile carriages and freight trucks, the greatest activity is everywhere displayed. Inventors and manufacturers are at work in every direction, and with the remarkable success and judging from the rapid introduction of these vehicles during the last ten years, there can be no doubt that so far as buggy, carriage, and truck vehicles are concerned the day of self-propelling vehicles has already dawned.

IV. AUTOMOBILES FOR AGRICULTURAL WORK.

The last field invaded by the horseless vehicle promises to be of great importance, especially to America. The new automobile mower manufactured by a leading American farm-implement house attracted general attention at the Paris Exposition; but the knowing ones shook their heads and intimated that many things that were very perfect in theory were worthless in practise. French agriculturists, however, were greatly impressed by the new mower, and soon a duplicate of the one exhibited was made and in due time tested in competition with various other machines. The results were more than satisfactory to the friends of the pioneer machine. It worked perfectly, attaining a higher speed than was practicable with

horses, while it turned corners more easily and quickly than was possible with the old-time mowers. The new machine is propelled by a gasoline motor. The invention bids fair to become very popular, as its use is by no means confined to mowing. By disconnecting the cutting apparatus it becomes a most useful agricultural engine for drawing loads over the farm or for pumping water, sawing wood, grinding grain, and other purposes for which engines are valuable. We believe this machine will prove a pioneer in a revolutionary movement in farm machinery almost as great and far-reaching in character as that which followed the triumph of Cyrus Hall McCormick.

V. THE PASSING OF THE HORSE.

A score of years ago few people entertained any expectation that a revolution in transportation along our common highways, or in the propelling of our agricultural implements, was at hand. The innovation is of course only in its infancy as yet, but its progress has been at once so steady and rapid, and is already assuming such commanding proportions, that we may safely predict that in the near future we shall be as familiar with self-propelling vehicles as we are with the telephone and typewriter; and let us hope that inventive genius may devise more graceful buggies and carriages than those now in vogue. Vehicles more boat-like in shape, with oval ends, would be incomparably more beautiful, while they would meet with less resistance from the air than the machine now in use. As soon as the price of self-propelling vehicles is such as to bring them within the reach of the multitude they will become extremely popular, owing to their economy, as they will do away with the great expense incident to horse-feed. The horse will by no means become extinct, but he will be less and less the beast of burden—the constant drudge—that he has been for centuries; and of course his numbers will decrease, making more room for cattle and sheep, which supply food and raiment for man.

* * *

IS THE BUILDING WORLD ENTERING A GLASS AGE?

Is the wooden house, so long the home of the millions, to disappear before buildings whose material will be at once inex-

pensive, durable, cleanly, and beautiful? It would seem so if those in a position to speak authoritatively in regard to the new candidates for popular favor in building material are to be relied upon.

We recently referred to Mr. Edison's new cement, which the discoverer confidently believes will ere long become one of the chief building materials of the twentieth century; and now comes the famous glass manufacturer and expert, M. Henrivaux, the builder of the Palace of Light at the Paris Exposition, with the confident claim that glass will soon be a most popular substance for the making of homes. In the composition known as stone glass, M. Henrivaux believes the world has a substance destined largely to supersede brick, granite, and other substances that form the chief material in the making of durable houses. Stone glass has stood the severest tests demanded by building material. It requires three times the power to crush it that is necessary to reduce granite. It is far less sensitive to heat and cold than is steel. It will withstand the shock of blows more than twenty times as great as those required to crush marble; and the wear due to friction is much less than that sustained by porphyry.

Stone glass is chiefly made from slag, which for generations has disfigured mining and iron manufacturing districts, while almost anything amenable to the influence of fire can be converted into this glass. The claim of M. Henrivaux, therefore, that the cost of this material will not be excessive appears reasonable. Already this substance is being used as paving in Paris, and it is said to be highly satisfactory, the only objection being the increase in the noise of traffic; but this could be easily overcome by the employment of rubber tires and the shoeing of horses with rubber, as is already being done to a limited degree. The glass-paved streets neither make nor retain dirt, and are thus easily kept clean.

As a building material the superior points of advantage possessed by glass are durability, cleanliness, beauty, the ease with which it can be accommodated to various shapes and forms, and its potential cheapness, due to the inexhaustible supply of waste material from which it is made.

According to M. Henrivaux the foundations, outer walls, stairs, and fireplaces of the glass houses will be composed of stone glass. The ceilings, balustrades, paneling, mantelpieces, and walls can also be made of glass, in which rich and highly ornamental effects can be obtained. These houses will surpass

other buildings in indestructibility, and they will be by far the most cleanly, and in this respect will of course offer special advantages from a sanitary point of view.

Such are some of the facts and claims advanced by the great French glass maker and other Old World authorities in regard to what they believe to be the building material of the future. All their expectations may not, and doubtless will not, be realized; yet it is highly probable that during the next fifty years glass will be an important factor in housebuilding throughout the most progressive nations of the world.

* * *

CZOLGOSZ THE PRODUCT OF A MATERIALISTIC, GREED-CRAZED WORLD.

J. Bruce Wallace, M. A., the well-known English writer and editor of *Brotherhood*, has contributed an editorial to a recent issue of his publication, suggested by the assassination of President McKinley, and entitled "Czolgosz and the Mad World," which is so pregnant with truths that are frequently overlooked or discreetly left unsaid by pulpit and press that it stands out in bold relief from the wild, feverish, and oftentimes insanely frantic cries of puppet voices which have recently rung throughout the New World and which have echoed and re-echoed sentiments against wholesome freedom and progress which monarchical and imperial powers cherished before the American Revolution. So sane are the utterances of Mr. Wallace and so fundamentally true are his conclusions that I give them below as a message that should be heeded by the heart and brain of all people who are strong-minded enough to be uninfluenced by the greed-inspired utterances of a sensational press and who are clear-visioned enough to see that human happiness and permanent progress are found only by following the glory-swathed form of Freedom over the highway of justice. Says Mr. Wallace:

Czolgosz, President McKinley's assassin, is no doubt a madman. Madmen are not accidents, any more than smallpox patients are. They are products of certain malign influences at work;—they are outward, visible, and active signs of some interior constitutional social disorder. 'It is a mad world.' Czolgosz is a member of human society in general, of American society in particular, and of the most despised and crushed section of American society, the poor exploited foreign immigrant, most specifically. He is a significant product and a revelation of an insane, unkind, spurious civilization.

"President McKinley—personally a very estimable and amiable specimen of humanity—stood on his continent, probably without realizing his position, as the head and most conspicuous representative of a world-order which, despite all its decencies and handshakings, does not recognize that all men are brethren—a world-order that is a struggle of men to live upon each other and make themselves rich out of each other. Though never a rich man himself, he was the nominee and elect of the unjust Mammon that, quite unconsciously for the most part, rides booted and spurred astride of unjust poverty;—the unjust Mammon that the hypnotized people believe themselves to be dependent upon for their 'full dinner-pail' and for all good gifts. It is an insanely-deluded world-order. The multi-millionaire that said, 'The people be damned'; even kind-hearted, regally-munificent Andrew Carnegie; and finally poor, ill-balanced, wretched Czolgosz;—these all and others, in their various ways, are children and members of this world-order. Its disease comes out in one man in the form of an insane accumulating of riches, beyond all possible utility—an insane gathering of tribute rights over his brethren; in another in an insane desire to kill somebody that happens to have his head high. The disease, the insanity, is lovelessness; it is the denying or ignoring of human brotherhood, of human unity.

"The cure is certainly not in murdering emperors, kings, presidents of republics, and prominent statesmen; that is one symptom of the disease. Quite as little is the cure to be found in executing or otherwise taking vengeance on anarchist homicidal lunatics—though of course these cannot be left at large. Such vengeance is another symptom of the disease. The cure is not in any forcible despoiling of millionaires and minor landlords and capitalists. It is in the recognizing, the realizing, of the truth of human brotherhood and unity by a sufficient and growing number of the people, in the practising and organizing of the truth, in the doing of the utmost possible good by all who love good, in the widest reaching positive coöperation and massing of forces for the building up of a new order in which there shall be no victims.

"Good-will is the only real sanity; good-will, without respect of persons, to emperors, kings, millionaires, sweaters, and paupers; good-will like sunshine upon the evil and the good. The dawn of sanity in any mind shows itself in love."

Measured by these last words, which we believe are as true as any that ever fell from inspired lips, how many of our clergymen, editors, statesmen, and teachers, and others who assume to mold the thought of the age, would not be found wanting? And yet the time will come when the good of all the world will say with this prophet of progress that "the dawn of sanity in any mind shows itself in love."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.*

TOWARD DEMOCRACY. By Edward Carpenter. Cloth, 367 pp.
Price, \$2.25. Chicago: Stockham Publishing Company.

The cause of freedom and brotherhood to-day has no more devoted apostle than Mr. Edward Carpenter, author of "Toward Democracy." Born of well-to-do parents, he enjoyed the advantages of a collegiate education, later becoming a fellow of Cambridge University and a curate under the eminent Christian reformer, the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice. He relinquished both positions, however, to devote himself to writing and lecturing.

Mr. Carpenter is generally associated in the public mind with Whitman—and justly so, as the work of the elder poet exerted a powerful influence upon the young Englishman, who, wearied and disgusted with the shams and injustices of conventional society, was reaching out for something nobler and higher. There is in Whitman and Carpenter the same breadth of spirit, the same love of freedom and impatience at all conventional restraint. But there is this difference: Whitman was the child of an age when individualism was paramount in society—before the ideal of brotherhood had come in a compelling way into the heart of the Western world; and he naturally reflected to a certain degree the thought and feeling of his time. Edward Carpenter, on the other hand, is essentially a child of the New Time, when men and women everywhere are more and more looking forward to the establishment of that ideal State—that true democracy—whose motto shall be "Each for all and all for each." He has voluntarily given up his place in polite society and lives among the workingmen in Sheffield, as one of them, making sandals when not engaged in writing or lecturing.

Of Mr. Carpenter's various works perhaps the most important is "Toward Democracy," a volume of chants written after the manner of Whitman, but possessing a beauty of diction only equaled at rare intervals by the American poet.

The crying evils of existing social and economic conditions have appealed to Mr. Carpenter with irresistible force, and he often speaks with no uncertain note of warning—as in the following lines addressed to England, but which are equally applicable to many other civilized countries to-day:

* Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

England! for good or evil it is useless to attempt to conceal yourself—I know you too well. . . .

I will tear your veils off; your false shows and pride I will trail in the dust;—you shall be utterly naked before me, in your beauty and in your shame.

For who better than I should know your rottenness, your self-deceit, your delusion, your hideous, grinning, corpse-chattering, death-in-life business on top? (And who better than I the wonderful hidden sources of your strength beneath?)

Deceive yourself no longer.

Do you think your smooth-faced Respectability will save you? or that Cowardice carries a master-key of the universe in its pocket—scrambling miserably out of the ditch on the heads of those beneath it?

Do you think it is a fine thing to grind cheap goods out of the hard labor of ill-paid boys? And do you imagine that all your Commerce Shows and Manufactures are anything at all compared with the bodies and souls of these?

Do you suppose that I have not heard your talk about Morality and Religion and set it face to face in my soul to the instinct of one clean, naked, unashamed Man? Or that I have not seen your coteries of elegant and learned people put to rout by the innocent speech of a child, and the apparition of a mother suckling her own babe?

Do you think that there ever was or could be Infidelity greater than this?

Do you grab interest on Money and lose all interest in Life? Do you found a huge system of national Credit on absolute personal Distrust? Do you batten like a ghoul on the corpses of animals, and then expect to be of a cheerful disposition? Do you put the loving beasts to torture as a means of promoting your own health and happiness? Do you, O foolishlest one, fancy to bind men together by Laws (of all ideas the most laughable), and set whole tribes of unbelievers at work year after year patching the rotten net? Do you live continually farther and farther from Nature, till you actually doubt if there be any natural life, or any avenging instinct in the dumb elements? And then do you wonder that your own Life is slowly ebbing—that you have lost all gladness and faith?

And in the following extract from a poem, entitled "Except the Lord Build the House," we have an illustration of the striking manner in which our author can present a pathetic picture all too common to-day in every great city:

She lies, whom Money has killed, and the greed of Money,
The thrice-driven slave, whom a man has calmly tortured,
And cast away in the dust—and calls it not murder,
Because he only looked on; while his trusted lieutenants
Supply and Demand pinned the victim down—and her own mother
Nature slew her!

The old story of the sewing-machine—the treadle-machine;
Ten hours a day and five shillings a week, a penny an hour or so—
if numbers were of importance.

Of course, she fell ill. Indeed she had long been ailing, and the effort and the torture were slowly disorganizing her frame; and already the grim question had been asked: "Might she have rest?"—(the doctor said *must*—and for many a month, too).

And the answer came promptly as usual. "Have rest?—as much as she wanted! It was a pity, but of course if she could not work she could

go. They would make no difficulty, as Supply would fill up her place as soon as vacant."

One more struggle then. And now she *must* go, for work is impossible, and Supply *has* filled her place, and there is no difficulty—or difference—except to her.

For her only the hospital pallet, and the low moaning of the distant world.

For her only the fever and the wasting pain and the nightmare of the loud unceasing treadles;

And the strange contrast in quiet moments of the still chamber and the one kindly face of the house-surgeon, stethoscope in hand, at her bedside;

For her only, hour after hour, the dull throbbing recollection of the injustice of the world,

The bleak unlovely light of averted eyes thrown backward and forward over her whole life,

And the unstaunched wound of the soul which is their bitter denial.

And at last the lessening of the pain, and a sense of quietude and space, and through the murky tormented air of the great city a light, a ray of still hope on her eyes peacefully falling;

And then in a moment the passing of the light, and a silence in the long high-windowed ward;

And one with an aster or two and a few chrysanthemums, and one with a blown white rain-bewept rose half-timidly coming,

To lay on her couch, with tears.

And so a grave.

In the dank, smoke-blackened cemetery, in the dismal rain of the half-awakened winter day,

A grave, for her and her only.

And yet not for her only—but for thousands—

For hundreds of thousands—to lie undone, forsaken—

Tossed impatiently back from the whirling iron—

The broken wheels, or maybe merely defective—

Who cares?—

That as they spin roll off and are lost in the darkness,

Run swiftly away (as if they were alive!) into the darkness, and are hidden,

Who cares? who cares?

Since for each one that is gone Supply will provide a thousand.

Who cares? who cares?

O tear-laden heart!

O blown white rose heavy with rain!

O sacred heart of the people!

Rose of innumerable petals, through the long night ever blossoming!

Surely by the fragrance wafted through the night air,

Surely by the spirit exhaled over the sleeping world, I know,

Out of the bruised heart of thee exhaled, I know—

And the vision lifts itself before my eyes:—

Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it.

In vain millions of yards of calico and miles of lace-work turned out per annum;

In vain a people well clad in machine-made cloth and hosiery;

In vain a flourishing foreign trade and loose cash enough for a small war;

In vain universal congratulations and lectures on Political Economy;
In vain the steady whirr of wheels all over the land, and men and
women serving stunted and pale before them, as natural as possible;

Except Love build the house, they labor in vain who build it.

O rich and powerful of the earth!

Behold, your riches are all in vain—you are poorer than the poorest
of these children!

Against one such whom you have wronged your armies, your police,
and all the laws that you can frame shall not prevail.

Your palaces of splendor are reared from the beginning upon a
foundation of lies, and the graves that you have dug for others shall be
for your own burial.

The following beautiful lines give an idea of Mr. Carpenter's felicity
in word-painting:

Oh, cry aloud over the Earth!

Great ragged clouds wild over the sky careering, pass changing shift-
ing through my poems!

Blow, O breezes; mingle, O winds, with these words—whose pur-
pose is the same as yours!

Ye dark ploughed fields and grassy hills, and gorses where the yold-
rine warbles—write ye your myriad parallel gossamers among my lines!

Lie out, O leaves, to the sun and moon, to bleach in their quiet gaze
—whirl them, O winds—float them away, O sea, to drift in bays with
the sea-smell and with odors of tar among the nets of fishermen!

Open, O pages in all lands! Let them be free to all to pass in and
out; let them lie like the streets of a great city!

Let them listen and say what the feet of the passengers say, and
what the soughings of the fir trees say. Let them be equal—no more,
no less—writing the words which are written as long as the universe
endures.

The above quotations will serve to give the reader a fair idea of the
style and spirit of Mr. Carpenter's work. True, one does at times en-
counter bits of naturalism similar to many much-criticized passages in
Whitman's work, but it is always the realism of a man who believes that
all things are good, and not that of the sensualist or sensational writer.

This book is one that should be read by all earnest men and women
who are looking hopefully forward to the dawning of a brighter day for
earth's millions.

**ELECTRICITY AND THE RESURRECTION; Or, THE SOUL
AND SCIENCE.** By William Hemstreet. Paper, 286 pp. Price,
25 cents. New York: The Alliance Publishing Company.

The problem with which Mr. Hemstreet deals is the old, old query
that has come echoing down the ages from the gray dawn of civilization
—"If a man die, shall he live again?" But our author's treatment is
new, bold, and suggestive. Though a sincere believer in the reality of
a future life, he is rationalistic rather than mystical in his thought, and
depends on the law of analogy and the revelations of modern science far

more than on the ancient works upon whose teachings the world's great religions are based.

In a synopsis of the thought presented, which constitutes the opening chapter, the author gives the key-note of his conclusions in the following bold assumptions:

We say soul is matter, a refined and ethereal matter that thinks, and by reason of that matter being homogeneous, simple and ultimate, exists onward when it escapes the body. The universal luminiferous ether is the conscious God. Our souls are detached bits of that essence, from and in the first protoplasm-in-embryo, up. As matter and cohesion are eternal, so too are ether and mind.

Ether is the body of our minds, as the cosmic universal ether is the body of God. If the ether is imperishable, then the soul is imperishable, and its continuity is an easy result of will power and moral fitness.

Such daring assumptions may tend to drive away many readers, who will not be pleased with a seeming arrogance of thought on the threshold of an investigation about which the greatest scientists, philosophers, and seers of all ages have entertained widely varying views. And yet a perusal of the subsequent pages will clearly prove that the author is by no means one of those shallow visionaries who, after beholding a few gleams of new light—a few rays of truth with which the conventional mind is unacquainted—straightway imagine that they have beheld the full orb of eternal light, and that to them has come the message of the ages—the key to the Scriptures of all time—the answer to the supreme riddle of the Sphinx.

Our day of materialistic arrogance and scientific cynicism, with its ever-increasing stress and strain, and marked as it is by the vanishing of old traditions, superstitions, and ancient conceptions of truth, and by the incoming of new and vital ideals, has unhappily affected a large number of minds to such a degree that some thought or a confused jumble of ideals has gained dominance in their minds, until they believe that to them has been given the saving truth of the ages. A veritable Babel of voices assails our ears from these eager ones, who believe most profoundly that what they have to say is in deed and fact the very truth, while the utterances of the ninety-and-nine who are affected in the same manner are rank error, pernicious in influence on the human mind. But Mr. Hemstreet does not belong to this class. He has a message to declare, of the truth of which he is as firmly convinced as was Charles Darwin confident of the truth of the evolutionary theory, and he presents it in a clear, coherent, and for the most part able manner. We may not at all times agree with his assumptions or conclusions, but the volume is pregnant with new thought worthy of consideration and presented in such a way as to challenge the interest of thoughtful men and women.

It is, of course, impossible to outline the arguments of our author or to indicate the evidence upon which he bases his conclusions, and it is sufficient to say that he discusses his subject at length and seeks to demonstrate the truth of every proposition by an appeal to the reason of his reader. His views are sufficiently new to attract the attention of men

and women who are weary of the husks of the old theology, and yet who recoil from the hollow materialism so prevalent at the present time, and which Mr. Hemstreet admirably depicts in these lines:

In the New York City of desert pavement, thundering, grinding, gritty, soulless, one tiny green oat-sprout in a curbstone joint showed that the living God was even there. Along those streets rushed a mass of humanity fighting hard for a livelihood, with as little concern for spiritual philosophy as brutes. What for honor care the thousands of those daughters of Eve, from basement and garret, hurrying along poorly clad, sandwich and dime novel in hand, to their sweat-shops and task-masters—or to worse, where they can find a warm heart, though in the guise of sin? What for honesty care those desperate men and boys? They tell us these moral sentiments will do to put into books, but they are not a part of practical life. A new garment, a square meal, a theater ticket, a horse race, a ball game, are to them the first blessings. Any stray word of inspiration coming to their ears is scoffed at, and society is to blame more than they. But might not some plain and secular reasoning as to the natural science of a future life, the science of a proud and immortal soul in each of them, and of a surrounding God demonstrated as near to them, be dropped like that oat seed into some crevice of their sterile hearts, to become a sprout of living hope, to show them that God is even there, and that Elysian fields are waiting for even them?

And in the more pretentious grades of society there is the same blank indifference and ignorance as to the essence of the soul. King, judge, scientist, broker, society man, mechanic, laborer, scholar, dilettante—all are Ptolemaic as to the beyond. Some, from early influences, vaguely believe that they have a soul, but they stop there and are content, like Cæsar and Cicero, that the earth is flat. We have as narrow a Mediterranean world spiritually as the ancients did geographically.

The following propositions, without the arguments and analogies with which the author fortifies his conclusions, will afford the reader some conception of Mr. Hemstreet's ideas:

The ether penetrates all physical matter between the atoms as water penetrates a sponge or flows through cracked ice, the water and the ice being one thing in different conditions of chemical stress, the same as ether and matter are one thing in different stress. Thus a steel rapier would penetrate a ghost only in appearance; the more solid ether of the ghost would really penetrate between the atoms of the steel rapier. So the soul, being invulnerable to all physical conditions and attacks, lives on by its own desire and the inherent inertia of the ego. It does not dissolve back into God's substance *because it has personal self-love* and His permission to live as one of His angels so long as it does not destroy itself from within by vice and sin. All that a soul needs for resurrection is a good moral constitution of hope, love, purity, integrity, justice—which qualities by their nature give the soul-body a *reflex propulsion* across the coma of death, the same as we, by predetermination, can awaken ourselves at any fixed time out of sleep.

All mental action is the action of matter, but not necessarily of brain matter. It is of an ethereal matter that is within but separate and discrete from brain, flesh, and blood. There is within us, as we shall see, an electrical or ethereal body, independent of and controlling the animal body. Materialism is reversed; the body is the product and agent of the soul, and not its origin.

The volume will be read with deep interest by those concerned in the great subject discussed, and even if the reader is unprepared to accept

the author's views he will nevertheless find the book highly stimulating and suggestive.

J. M. PEEBLES, M.D., A.M. A Biography. By Edward Whipple. Cloth, 592 pp. Published by the author, Battle Creek, Mich.

The well told biography of a good man is one of the most helpful kinds of literature. It possesses the virtue of variety; it holds before the imagination in a tangible way the power of goodness—goodness which by passing through the fire of life's experiences proves a living, vitalizing inspiration to the reader. In Mr. Whipple's life of Dr. Peebles we have a volume of more than ordinary interest to progressive thinkers, and especially to spiritualists. For more than half a century this dauntless champion of advanced thought has labored unceasingly and unselfishly for the good of his fellow-men; and during his pilgrimage Dr. Peebles has thrice circled the globe, lecturing and teaching in America, Australia, Asia, Africa, and Europe, and wherever he has journeyed—in India or Egypt, in Palestine or Asia Minor, in the cities of the antipodes or in London, Rome, or Paris—he has ever been a student, associating with savants and drinking from the fountains of the ancient and modern wisdom of the world. Hence, his life holds a peculiar charm and interest quite apart from the helpfulness arising from the fact that he has ever placed conscience, duty, and conviction of right above all other considerations. Mr. Whipple deserves great credit for the interesting manner in which he has told the story of a truly noble life. It is a volume which spiritualists and advanced thinkers everywhere should possess.

COLLECTIVISM AND INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION. By Emile Vandervelde. Cloth, 200 pp. Price, 50 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company.

This little volume is one of the most valuable economic books that have appeared of late—a work that every person, whether or not he be in sympathy with the aims and ideals of socialism, should read, as it gives in a clear, concise, and lucid manner the socialistic philosophy and its program. The author is one of the ablest members of the Chamber of Deputies of Belgium. He is a sane, clear-visioned, philosophic socialist who is also a practical statesman. Modern literature has been deluged with socialistic visions and novels written after the manner of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia." These books have unquestionably had a value; they were needed in order to arouse the public mind from the inertia into which it had fallen. But at the present time the demand is not so much for social visions as for practical expositions of a working philosophy, and this is precisely what we have in M. Vandervelde's volume. It is brief though comprehensive, and with great vividness explains, defends, and illustrates modern practical socialism as expounded by the ablest and most advanced of its apostles.

GOVERNMENT: AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE AND
FUNCTIONS OF THE STATE. By John Sherwin Crosby.

Paper, 112 pp. Price, 25 cents. New York: Peter Eckler, 35
Fulton St.

This little work is one of the clearest and ablest discussions of a subject with which every American should be conversant that it has been my fortune to read. In the compass of a little over one hundred pages the author has presented his great subject in so clear and concise a manner that it is at once intelligible to the slowest thinking mind, while the vital and fundamental facts relating to free government are so boldly and effectively outlined that they will long live in the memory. If this little work could be used as a text-book in our schools, or could be effectively brought to the attention of the American youth, it would do very much toward rescuing our government from the low materialistic commercial ideals and the baleful imperialistic and monarchical tendencies rampant at the present time.

The author is a distinguished lawyer and one of the most brilliant lecturers of the day. He is an old-time democrat and also a strong adherent to the economic views of Henry George. We heartily commend this book to our readers. It is a little volume that all lovers of republican government should possess.

AMATA. From the German of Richard Voss. Translated by Roger
S. G. Boytell. Cloth, 116 pp. Price, \$1. Washington: The Neale
Publishing Company.

This record of a strange experience is from the pen of the famous author of "Sigurd Eckdal's Bride." The scene of "Amata" is laid in Rome, and in this little volume the tragic, the supernatural, and the romantic are so blended as to make a story of rare interest and fascination. The work of translation has been pleasingly accomplished, and the book will make a most enjoyable half hour's reading.

POEMS BY EDWIN EMERSON. Cloth, 228 pp. Denver: The Car-
son-Harper Company.

This is a volume of simple poems which at no time rise above mediocrity. The thought expressed is sweet and pure, but marred by the limitations of the author's muse. Two little translations from the German are among the best things in the book, but even these have lost in English much of their original charm.



BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Science of Money and Exchange." By E. L. Rector. Cloth, 140
pp. Published by the author at San Saba, Texas.

"Lessons in Scientific Healing." By Elsie L. Robinson. Paper, 112 pp. Price, \$1. The Daily Tribune, South Haven, Mich.

"Warwick of the Knobs." By John Uri Lloyd. Cloth, illustrated, 305 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Etidorhpa." By John Uri Lloyd. Cloth, illustrated, 375 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"The Science of Sciences." By Hannah More Kohaus. Cloth, 362 pp. Price, \$1.50. Chicago: Universal Truth Pub. Co.

"The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth." By Henry Frank. Cloth, gilt top, fully indexed, 399 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Tommy Foster's Adventures." By Fred. A. Ober. Cloth, illustrated, 248 pp. Price, \$1. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.

"The Little Lady: Her Book." By Albert Bigelow Paine. Cloth, illustrated, 315 pp. Price, \$1. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.

"Behold the Man: a Story of the Passion Play." By Channing Pollock. Cloth, 104 pp. Washington: The Neale Pub. Co.

"The Scribe of a Soul." By Clara Iza Price. Cloth, 201 pp. Price, \$1.25. Seattle, Wash.: The Denny-Coryell Co.

"The Destiny of Doris." By Julius Chambers. Cloth, profusely illustrated, 336 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Continental Pub. Co.

"The World Beautiful in Books." By Lilian Whiting. Cloth, 415 pp. Price, \$1 net. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

"What Are We Here For?" By F. Dundas Todd. Cloth, 142 pp. Price, \$1. Chicago: The Photo-Beacon Co.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NO part of President Roosevelt's first message to Congress aroused more interest among thoughtful minds everywhere than those passages that were devoted to the problem of anarchy, with which the American people have recently been confronted in so shocking a way. The recommendations of our new Executive concerning preventive legislation have already resulted in the drafting of several tentative measures—all of which have proved abortive owing to the difficulties involved in defining the word *anarchist*. The time consumed in surmounting this obstacle, it is hoped, will furnish an opportunity for the prevailing fanaticism to cool and give place to a rational and consistent handling of the question.

As a contribution to the discussion we present this month, as our leading article, a paper by the rector of All Souls' Church, New York, which will be supplemented in our February number by an essay from the same able pen on "The Economic and Religious Causes of Anarchism." Dr. Newton's remarks on the ethical, sociological, and political phases of the subject, in the current issue, should enlist the attention not alone of our national legislators but also that of enlightened statesmen throughout the world.

The article on "The English Friendly Societies," by Eltweed Pomeroy, A.M., in this month's ARENA, is one of the most interesting and suggestive papers that we have published for some time. The author is president of the National Direct Legislation League, and his fascinating description of a recent visit to the scene of the "Rochdale experiment" in coöperation will interest all progressive minds. It will be followed, in our next issue, by an article on the Mormon movement, entitled "A Coöperative Commonwealth," by Joel Shomaker, who has personal knowledge of the subject.

Two features of the current number that will lend encouragement to every lover of his race are "Spiritual Birth of the American Nation," by Theodore F. Seward, organizer of many Don't Worry Clubs throughout the country, and "The Development of Brotherhood," by Eugenia Parham, professor of Eng-

lish literature and metaphysics in West Kentucky College. The former contribution shows that the Golden Rule is no longer regarded as an emotional platitude but has become a living force in our national life, while the latter emphasizes the unitary nature of the human family and the inherent equality of its members. In further demonstration of the practical outworking of these democratic ideals in American affairs, we shall present an article in the February ARENA on "San Francisco's Union Labor Mayor," written by Leigh H. Irvine, whose remarkable new book, "An Affair in the South Seas," was reviewed in our November issue.

T. St. Pierre, in his discussion of "Responsibility in Municipal Government," in this number, makes some very practical suggestions looking not only to the extension but to the regulation of home rule. The political situation in our large cities reveals the very weakest feature of the American system of government. In our next issue this subject will be treated at some length from the standpoint of a Philadelphia lawyer—Mr. John Dolman, whose article will bear the title, "Municipal Reform."

Two other features of the February ARENA that may now be mentioned are: "A Couple of Capitalists," an excellent short story by Eleanor H. Porter, of Boston, and "Music and Crime," by Henry W. Stratton, of the same city, which will show the influence of music upon anarchy and the criminal classes.

The current number begins our Twenty-seventh Volume and our fourteenth year. THE ARENA shows no faltering in its efforts to keep abreast not only of the world's periodical literature but also of those movements and ideals that are based upon the law of progress. Its aim is to keep in touch with our advancing civilization throughout its varied avenues of expression and its every field of endeavor. That we are succeeding in this is attested by the very large percentage of the magazine's old friends who are renewing their subscriptions and by the daily increase of new names that are added to our list—facts that evince the growing popularity of the principles for which THE ARENA stands.

J. E. M.